

The Living Age

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From Beginning



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HOW THE WORLD WAR REALLY BEGAN

BY VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG

[EDITORIAL NOTE: These observations on the World War form a part of the former Chancellor's forthcoming volume, a few extracts from whose pages were recently published in the *Berliner Tageblatt*.]

A LEGEND has become widely current to the effect that the war started in the Crown Council which the Kaiser is alleged to have held in Potsdam on July 5, 1914. Even some Germans believe this fairy tale, although our opponents, who certainly would not have overlooked such a find, have not been able to give us any information concerning such a Crown Council in their official publications, and although even a most superficial investigation would have proved that a majority of the persons alleged to have been present at the Council were neither in Potsdam nor Berlin.

The actual facts were as follows:

On July 5, 1914, the Austrian-Hungarian Ambassador, Count Szogyenyi, after breakfast with the Kaiser, handed the latter a personal letter from the Emperor Franz Josef, accompanied by a memorandum from his government. The memorandum developed a comprehensive Balkan programme, looking a long way forward, and in-

tended to oppose vigorous diplomatic measures to Russia's plans. In view of the hostility of Serbia and to provide against the unreliability of Roumania, it was proposed to establish closer relations with Bulgaria and Turkey. The purpose was to organize a Balkan league, excluding Serbia, under the patronage of the Central Powers. The tragedy at Serajevo was cited as a proof that the conflict between Austria-Hungary and Serbia had gone too far to be reconciled, and that the former country would have to count upon the obstinate, implacable, and aggressive hostility of Serbia. The personal letter from Emperor Franz Josef summarized the ideas presented in the memorandum, and called attention to the fact that the peace policy of the Great Powers would be threatened if the agitation at Belgrade was allowed to continue. The Kaiser received the two documents with the remark that he would not be able to reply to them until he had conferred

with the Imperial Chancellor. At noon of the same day, July 5, the Kaiser received me with Secretary Zimmermann, who was acting in place of Secretary Von Jagow, who was on a vacation. The place was the park of the new palace in Potsdam. No one else was present. I previously knew the tenor of the Austrian document, a copy of which was communicated to me and Mr. Zimmermann. After I had reported upon its contents, the Kaiser stated that he cherished no illusions as to the real seriousness of the situation created in the Danube monarchy by the Greater Serbia propaganda. It was not our business, however, to advise our ally how to act in respect to the assassination at Serajevo. Austria-Hungary must attend to that herself. We were the more obligated to refrain from direct suggestions and advice because we would have to employ all our influence to prevent the Austro-Serbian conflict from becoming an international controversy. The Emperor Franz Josef must know, however, that we would not fail Austria-Hungary in a serious crisis. Our own vital interests demanded the integrity of Austria. He regarded favorably the plan of bringing Bulgaria into the alliance, but nothing must be done in this connection to alienate Roumania.

These views coincided with my own. Returning to Berlin, I gave an audience to Count Szogyenyi, and informed him that the Kaiser was not blind to the danger caused by the Pan-Slav and Greater Serbia propaganda. In view of the attitude of Roumania and the efforts to organize a new Balkan alliance against Austria-Hungary, we would support Austria's endeavors to win Bulgaria for a triple alliance. At Bucharest we would endeavor to steer Roumanian policies into channels friendly for the Entente. The Kaiser could not take a positive atti-

tude regarding the questions in controversy between Austria-Hungary and Serbia, since they were not within his jurisdiction. Emperor Franz Josef, however, could rest assured that the Kaiser would always stand loyally behind Austria-Hungary, as required by his duties as an ally and demanded by their ancient friendship.

On July 6, the Kaiser left for his Scandinavian tour, and on the 14th of July he replied to the letter of Emperor Franz Josef from Bornholm to the same general effect. The legend of a Crown Council and of certain decisions made at such a council, amounts to nothing more than this. No such council was ever held. France demonstrated its ill will from the beginning by its zealous efforts to throw doubt upon the candor of our efforts in favor of peace, and to foster the impression that we were employing the Serbian incident merely as a pretext for attacking France. Mr. Jules Cambon employed the most skillful arguments in his reports to support his false assumption that the people in Berlin were eager for war. The efforts which we made at Paris to calm the distrust and excitement of her Russian allies, met not only with great distrust, but were immediately distorted in the public press. It was obvious that the people in Paris were doing their best to compromise German diplomacy in the eyes of their allies and to play the part of shrewd colleagues and make their Russian partners skeptical.

At the same time the French Ministry considered its principal task to be to arrange for England's entry into the war. The English and French documents give a vivid picture of the pertinacity and tenacity which Mr. Paul Cambon exhibited in his negotiations with Sir Edward Grey. In these conversations Grey sedulously maintained the contention that England's hands

were still free, but he did not discourage Mr. Cambon, and the latter finally got the English statesman compromised. When France obtained an assurance, on August 1, that the English fleet would prevent the German fleet from passing down the channel and would protect the French coast against German attacks, the bargain was nailed. That was the moment when England finally sacrificed its neutrality and entered a formal engagement. France had obtained its desire.

In its intrigues to procure England's aid, the French Cabinet employed still another measure which is characteristic of its attitude in this crisis, and that was — I can designate it by no other word — untruthfulness in its account of actual events. Not only Mr. Viviani, but also Mr. Poincaré have personally asserted throughout that the Russian general mobilization followed general mobilization in Austria. But it has already been proved and become a notorious fact that the Russian mobilization was published in Petrograd early on the morning of July 31, while Austria did not decide to mobilize until several hours later. The French Cabinet here bases its case on a false statement. The French political leaders have treated Germany's military attitude in an equally uncandid manner. On the 29th of July, I commissioned our ambassador in Paris, Baron von Schoen, to point out to the French Government that a continuance of military preparation on the part of France would force us to take protective measures. We would have to proclaim a state of war peril which was not identical with mobilization, but would undoubtedly increase the tension. We hoped, however, none the less, that peace would be maintained. Mr. Viviani distorted this message in the telegram of August 1 to Mr. Paul Cambon by asserting that

we had threatened to proclaim a state of war peril immediately and had begun a general mobilization under the mask of such a measure. On the 1st of August, Mr. Viviani told Baron von Schoen, when the latter informed him of Germany's mobilization, that he was astonished that Germany should resort to such a measure at a moment when a friendly exchange of views was occurring between Russia and Austria and the other Powers. Mr. Viviani, therefore, acknowledged that diplomatic measures still promised success, but charged Germany with arbitrarily disturbing these efforts, although he knew that Germany was largely responsible for the fact that diplomatic negotiations had been started and that it was Russia, through its mobilization, that wrecked this plan. If the Tsar, himself, in his telegram of July 29 to the Kaiser stated beforehand that the military measures to which his Court would force him would lead to war, and if Sir Edward Grey, on the 30th of July, regarded a stoppage of the Russian military measures as affording even a weak prospect of maintaining peace, then there is no justification whatsoever for assuming that Mr. Viviani did not recognize the significance of Russia's mobilization, to which Germany's mobilization was merely a reply.

Finally, it is very striking, indeed, that Mr. Viviani, on July 31, at 7 o'clock at night, when Baron von Schoen notified him of our ultimatum to Russia, pretended that he was not informed of the alleged complete Russian mobilization. Such innocent ignorance is simply inexplicable.

A cause that hides behind falsehoods, cannot be a good cause. No doubt can exist as to the purpose which the French Cabinet had in mind in pursuing such a policy. In every way, even in dishonorable ways, an

impression must be created that the general mobilization in Russia had been provoked by the Central Powers. Such an impression had to be created in order to back up the political work in England, and, above all, to influence public sentiment at home. . . . When the war fell upon us from the East, Germany was in a critical situation on the West. We foresaw, with certainty, that France would not leave its Russian ally in the lurch. When France replied to our inquiry with the famous statement that it would consult its

The Berliner Tageblatt

own interests in the matter, we had no choice but to declare war on France. Thereupon, we appeared the assailants, although we were absolutely certain that we were exposed to an assault by the French army. I do not think we possibly could have avoided being placed in this position. The suddenness of the military measures which Russian mobilization forced upon us, did not permit us to defer military precautions against France or leave us time for diplomatic intervention to better our political position.

LENINE'S CHANGE OF HEART

BY J. K. PROTHERO

WHEN I left England in February last, Bolshevism, its cause, cure, and possible development, was provoking endless comments and discussion. On my return from Poland it still occupies a prominent position in political arguments. Both the defenders and the opponents of this particular theory seem to be hopelessly misinformed as to its principles. For this reason it should be of interest to examine the tenets of Lenine as set forth by himself in one of the most remarkable books published during recent years. *The State and Revolution** has not yet been translated into English. A Polish edition, however, has already appeared, and it is with this that I propose to deal. The opening chapters contain effective and devastating criticism of the successors of Karl Marx. The class

war carried to its logical conclusion, according to Lenine, means the abolition of the state. It is the betrayers of the gospel who have sought to set up a machinery which aims at the nationalization of wealth. State ownership of land and industry perpetuates bureaucracy and increases the army of officials under whose dominion liberty can never flourish.

The class war in the ultimate means the establishment of a worldwide communism, Petrograd, Peking, London, and Paris, owned not by one nation but by the people of the world. All class distinction having been annihilated the necessity for the existence of the state must disappear. It is an amazing *volteface* for those who, brought up on the Marxist doctrine, firmly believed that 'the socialization of the means and instruments of production' would hasten the dawn of the

* *The State and Revolution*. Gebetner & Wolf, Warsaw.

revolution for which we all were waiting. But the author reserves his keenest criticism for the Fabian Society. He insists that Mr. Sidney Webb and his associates have forced upon the world 'a bastard and castrated form of socialism' in place of the vigorous dogma of Karl Marx, and by the multiplication of endless forms of state ownership have vitiated the purity of the original doctrine.

The logic of the argument that the class war must destroy the state seems to me unanswerable. The methods by which the war is to be carried on are less clearly stated. The author deplores the necessity of bloodshed, but admits that it is a necessary corollary of the movement. He frankly confesses that unless the Bolsheviks succeed in imposing their creed on other nations by force of arms the number of their converts will be inconsiderable. He points out, however, that extension of territory abroad will compensate for unavoidable discomforts at home. The book breaks off with Lenin's accession to power. It is, he says, more important for him 'to conduct the revolution than to write about it.'

This volume has been supplemented by a number of pamphlets, some of which, found in the Bolshevik archives at Vilno, after the town was captured by the Polish troops, came into my hands. Of these *The Political Parties in Russia* is the most cogent. Any lingering belief one might have possessed as to the ultimate democracy of Bolshevism is conclusively destroyed by this treatise. Lenin is an original thinker, but even he was unable to escape from that fateful tendency toward bureaucracy which has marred so many schemes of Russian reformers. The democratic nature of Bolshevism begins and ends in the local Soviet. Elected directly by the people, the denial of the vote to the

bourgeoisie and to all anti-Bolsheviks may be regarded as a temporary expedient in the interests of the revolution. It is when we come to consider the methods of election for the district and the provincial Soviets that the anti-democratic influence is clearly shown. The people have no direct voice in the election of the members of any of the governing bodies except the local Soviet. The District Soviet is elected from the local, the Provincial from the District, and so on until we finally arrive at those members of the governing class, who decide the future of the nation, and we find that in their selection neither the Russian peasant nor the Russian workman has a voice at all.

Indirect election is one of the greatest curses of modern politics. Nowhere is this more clearly shown than in Russia. The mass of the people are utterly war weary. They have no desire to join the Red Army and invade the country of their neighbors. There has always been an excellent understanding between the Polish peasant and the Russian, and even under the tyrannies of the Tsar's régime this understanding was not broken. Yet a handful of men of the calibre of Trotsky and Apfelbaum with the half-hearted support of Tchicherin have forced a policy of aggression which, evangelical in its first stages, has long since degenerated into a war of loot and rapine. Lenin is powerless to stop Bolshevik aggression. Active authority has long since fallen from his hand. Men who have seen and spoken with him during the last few weeks tell me that he no longer takes a leading part in the direction of affairs, and that he views with horror and despair the debauchery of blood that has characterized the latest stages of the revolution.

The one point which Lenin in *The*

State and Revolution did not foresee was the breakdown of the food supply in the cities. When I left Warsaw, ten days ago, the latest reports showed that Petrograd and Moscow were entirely dependent on the food supplies commandeered by the Bolshevik troops in Lithuania, and sent in by trains 'for the use of the Red Guard.' The peasants utterly decline to sell any of their surplus produce save at the most extortionate rates. They have, indeed, but little to sell. The absence of agricultural machinery and the renewal of tools prevent the cultivation of the land save in its most rudimentary form. The soil, however, is so rich that the moujik can raise sufficient for himself and his family, and there is but little starvation outside the cities. In those cases where the peasants are prepared to sell their produce the difficulty is one of transport. The railways, except the main line from Germany to Petrograd and from Petrograd to Moscow, have been destroyed and the destruction of all methods of communication, with the hoarding of the peasantry, has produced a condition of hunger in the towns difficult to realize and impossible to describe.

The moujik is the rock upon which Lenin's philosophy must ultimately founder. His attitude may be described as one of armed neutrality against the Central Government. He is in favor of the local Soviet which has power to deal with the land, the roads, and all local matters, including religion and the nationalization of women in that particular area. He realizes, however, that communism does not admit of individual ownership of land, and is prepared to resist any attempt on the part of his rulers to enforce that particular doctrine.

That the gospel of Lenin will never realize fulfillment has, I think, effectively been demonstrated. The one

vital principle of his doctrine, the local Soviet, will, I believe, remain. Had he preserved the democracy of its conception throughout his political scheme, the present-day results of Bolshevism, in my opinion, would have been far different. The Russian peasants do not trust their Jew rulers, and Bolshevism is and has been swayed and directed by the Jews from the very first. Lenin gave them their opportunity when he introduced the method of indirect election. The overwhelming majority of commissaries in Petrograd and Moscow are Jews, according to the list of officials published by the Bolshevik government, and are directly responsible for many of the worst outrages. Already the resentment of the people in the neighborhood of Kieff — which under the peasant scheme is included in the Ukraine — is excited; Jewish massacres have taken place, massacres which, I fear, are likely to increase in number and savagery as the winter approaches. But, although Lenin as the head of the state has given place to the ferocious figure of Trotzky, he remains the genius of the revolution, the man whose original conception of a world-wide communism founded upon the fruits of a victorious class war is one of the most startling and arrestive ideas which the world has known. But, however fascinating his dogma, save in part, it is distinctly anti-democratic, and for that reason lends itself to exploitation and invites defeat.

To suggest the remedy of Kolchak as a panacea for Bolshevism is one of the most egregious pieces of folly the Allies have yet perpetrated. Kolchak, according to men who have known him socially and politically, is a reactionary of the most convinced type. His march of 'salvation' has been marked by the suppression of local Soviet after local Soviet and the re-

institution of the old land system. Russia in the throes of her struggle for life is not likely to accept a tyranny which takes from her the only substantial results of the agony she has endured — the possession of the land and the institution of the local Soviet. In the ultimate she must be left to work out her own redemption or destruction. Meanwhile, those neighboring countries which are not prepared to accept Lenine's philosophy should surely be permitted to clear their borders of insurgent Bolsheviki without interference. Personally, I can see no reason why a food mission should not have been dispatched to Moscow and to Petrograd. At the present moment the only chance of obtaining a morsel of food is to become a Bolshevik official. The knowledge that an anti-Bolshevik might have a chance of sat-

The New Witness

isfying his hunger would do much to restore sanity to a nerve-stricken people. This, at least, is the considered opinion of a number of men who, imprisoned in the Kremlin at Moscow, eventually made their escape to Warsaw where I met and interviewed them. They told me very many terrible things which do not come within the scope of this article, but an impression of Lenine by a Pole who had endured eighteen months' imprisonment, I reproduce: 'I was walking between two warders in the yard where I took my daily breath of air, when for the first time during my imprisonment I saw Lenine. He passed me — like a bloody shadow; and stood, gazing at dying Moscow at his feet.'

The revolution and the man — which will survive the other?

THE ANGLO-FRENCH TREATY: A BRITISH VIEW

BY HAROLD COX

France, beloved of every soul that loves its fellow kind.— RUDYARD KIPLING, 1913.

OF the two treaties laid upon the table of the House of Commons on Thursday by Mr. Lloyd George, one at any rate will receive almost unanimous approval throughout the United Kingdom. That England must stand by France has happily become one of the root principles of our national policy. The purpose of the Anglo-French Treaty is to give effect to that principle, and the only criticism to which the authors of the treaty are liable is

that they have made the compact between England and France contingent on the negotiation of a similar compact between America and France.

There is good reason to hope that this defect will prove to be one of form rather than one of substance. It is almost inconceivable that the United States Congress should refuse to accept an obligation to come to the help of France 'in the event of any unprovoked movement of aggression against

her being made by Germany.' Nevertheless, the provision in the treaty that it is only to be binding on Great Britain if the United States enters into a similar obligation is hardly consistent with the dignity of the British Empire, and still less with the spirit that animates Englishmen in their attitude toward France. We have learned in this long war that the fortunes of France and England are indissolubly united. Even if Germany had not forced us into war on August 4 by the invasion of Belgium, whom we were pledged by treaty to defend, we should have been compelled by the logic of facts within a very few weeks to come to the help of France — though possibly then our help would have been too late.

The lesson has been learned. We now all understand what only a few of us realized before, that the integrity of France is as important to us, from the point of view of our own national security, as the integrity of Belgium, and, therefore, France may be sure — treaty or no treaty — that if she is wantonly attacked by Germany she will be whole-heartedly helped by England. It would have been more in accord with the traditions of our national diplomacy if the representatives of Great Britain in Paris had framed the treaty on this fundamental fact instead of waiting for the endorsement of another nation separated by three thousand miles of water from the possible scene of action.

If it be asked why the permanent identity of the interests of France and England should now be assumed in face of the fact that in past centuries we were repeatedly at war with one another, the broad answer is that the movement of world forces has created for both of us common perils which are greater than any possible mutual differences. During the later centuries

when we fought with one another, France to a large extent dominated the continent of Europe; her population was immensely larger than ours; her natural resources at least as great. We had, therefore, good reason to fear not merely that she might block our commercial development, but that she might even threaten our national independence. Before the thrones of England and Scotland were united France repeatedly aided Scotland against England; later she aided the Stuart refugees in their conspiracies against the legal sovereigns of Great Britain. These dangers are past; the old rivalry is over; we have each of us grown sufficiently assured of prosperity to be free from the folly of coveting one another's possessions.

Simultaneously we have found ourselves both subject to the envious designs of others. The late war, in its broadest aspects, was a war of the 'have-nots' against the 'haves.' Germany wished to gain at a blow the assured position that England and France had slowly won. She hoped to make herself mistress of the world upon the ruins of their power. That danger may possibly recur. It is true that the military power of Germany is for the moment destroyed; but in spite of the elaborate provisions of the Peace Treaty we do not know how soon it may be renewed. There still remain within the frontiers of the German Empire some seventy million people, as against forty million in France and about forty-five million in the United Kingdom, including in the last figure perhaps a couple of million Sinn Fein friends of Germany.

But we have to look beyond Germany. It is conceivable that the future danger lies farther east. The most satisfactory circumstance of the past ten years or so is the steady decline of the German birth rate. Even before the

war the German people had definitely abandoned the practice of reckless breeding which is characteristic of the lower races throughout the animated world, and it is quite possible that if their minds had not been inflamed by a deliberate pan-German propaganda they would have realized that they had no sufficient racial motive for embarking on a war of aggression. During the war the German population has declined heavily, and there is at least a possibility that it will continue to decline. In that event we may, perhaps a generation hence, find Germany on the side of France and England seeking a higher civilization instead of following the barbarian instinct of racial warfare.

But beyond the Germans lie other peoples — the Slavs of Russia, the semi-barbarian hordes of Central Asia, the numberless millions of the Far East. We do not know how the world will shape itself in the future; but we

do know that as nations grow in refinement and civilization they are ever liable to attack from the overflowing masses of less highly developed and more prolific races. Until all races advance far enough to understand that progress is irreconcilable with unlimited increase of numbers, the only way in which the higher races can protect themselves is by joint action.

That is the final basis of the Anglo-French Alliance. It is an alliance based upon the material necessity for mutual protection. Happily, it is also based upon spiritual kinship. Englishmen and Frenchmen look upon the world with the same eyes; their ideals are common; and the very fact that their temperaments are partially dissimilar creates the appreciation which springs from variety. To a large extent each supplies what the other lacks. At any rate that is our English view of our French Allies, and treaty or no treaty we shall stand by them.

The Sunday Times, August 6

THE AUTHOR OF 'IN FLANDERS FIELDS'

AMONG the war poems directly inspired by contact with its realities few have attained a wider circulation than 'In Flanders Fields.' The lines, first printed in *Punch* of December 8, 1915, may be quoted for the benefit of those who have not read them, as they form the keynote of Sir Andrew Macphail's admirable and affecting study of his friend and colleague:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

The lines 'The Anxious Dead,' which appeared in the *Spectator* of June 30, 1917, are a variation on the same theme. 'In Flanders Fields,' to quote the words of Major-General Morrison, who commanded the Brigade to which McCrae was attached at the time,

was literally born of fire and blood during the hottest phase of the second battle of Ypres. My headquarters were in a trench on the top of the bank of the Ypres canal; and John had his dressing station in a hole dug in the foot of the bank. During periods of the battle men who were shot actually rolled down the bank into his dressing station. Along from us a few hundred yards was the headquarters of a regiment, and many times during the sixteen days of the battle, he and I watched them burying their dead whenever there was a lull. Thus the crosses, row on row, grew into a good-sized cemetery. Just as he describes, we often heard the larks singing high in the air, between the crash of the shell and the

reports of the guns in the battery just beside us. I have a letter from him in which he mentions having written the poem to pass away the time between the arrival of batches of wounded, and partly as an experiment with several varieties of poetic metre.

The unit with which McCrae served was the most advanced of all the Allies' guns by a good deal, except one French battery, which stayed in a position yet more advanced for two days, and then had to be taken out. After 'seventeen days of Hades,' in which none of them had their clothes off, in which gun and rifle fire never ceased for sixty seconds, the Brigade was moved out on May 9. On June 9 McCrae was posted to No. 3 General Hospital at Boulogne, and placed in charge of medicine with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. There he remained till his death from pneumonia on January 28, 1918, only a few days after his appointment as Consulting Physician to the British armies in France. Thus, as Sir Andrew Macphail says,

John McCrae witnessed only once the raw earth of Flanders hide its shame in the warm scarlet glory of the poppy. Others have watched this resurrection of the flowers in four successive seasons, a fresh miracle every time it occurs. Also they have observed the rows of crosses lengthen, the torch thrown, caught, and carried to victory. The dead may sleep. We have not broken faith with them. It is little wonder then that 'In Flanders Fields' has become the poem of the army. The soldiers have learned it with their hearts, which is quite a different thing from committing it to memory. It circulates, as a song should circulate, by the living word of mouth, not by printed characters. That is the true test of poetry — its insistence on making itself learned by heart. . . . If there was nothing remarkable about the publication of 'In Flanders Fields' there was something momentous in the moment of writing it. And yet it was a sure instinct which prompted the writer to send it to *Punch*. A rational man wishes to know the news of the world in which he lives; and if he is interested in life, he is eager to know how

men feel and comport themselves among the events which are passing. For this purpose *Punch* is the great newspaper of the world, and these lines describe better than any other how men felt in that great moment. It was in April, 1915. The enemy was in the full cry of victory. All that remained for him was to occupy Paris, as once he did before, and to seize the channel ports. Then France, England, and the world were doomed.

John McCrae, born in 1872, came of Scots stock on both sides. His early years were spent on his father's farm in Guelph, Ontario. He gained a scholarship at the University of Ontario in 1888, joined the Faculty of Arts, took the honors course in natural sciences, graduating from the department of biology in 1894. Then, turning to medicine, he graduated again in 1898 with a gold medal and a scholarship in physiology and Pathology. He was successively attached to the resident staff at a Children's Hospital at Mount Airy, Maryland, the Toronto General Hospital, and at Johns Hopkins University. Then he came to McGill University at Montreal as Fellow in Pathology, pathologist to the Montreal General Hospital, and later on as lecturer in medicine in the University. He became a F.R.C.P. (London) by examination, and won other distinctions. But though medicine was the main concern of his life, and though he studied and practised it for twenty years with great assiduity and success, he 'never developed, or degenerated, into the type of the pure scientist. For the laboratory he had neither the mind nor the hands.' He studied 'not medicine alone, but all the subjects ancillary to the science, and came to the task with a mind braced by a sound and generous education.' He never refused any work that was given him to do. Writing on the close of the Second Battle of Ypres, all he says of his own

share is: 'I have done what fell to hand.' He was of no party; but the friend of all men and the confidant of many; and he never neglected the opportunity of consorting with those who write and paint. The lore and art of angling, acquired in an early visit to Scotland, never left him. Furthermore, either *in esse* or *in posse*, he had 'always been going to the wars.' By his father — who when over seventy years of age raised and trained a field battery in Guelph and brought it overseas, and who had for many years commanded a field battery in the Canadian Militia — he had been early nourished in the history of the Highland regiments. At fourteen he joined the Guelph Highland Cadets and rose to the rank of First Lieutenant. Subsequently, he transferred to the artillery, and served with distinction as a combatant officer in the South African War, rising to the rank of Major. In Flanders, though he was attached as Medical Officer to the 1st Brigade of Artillery, he could not forget that he was no longer a gunner, and 'in those tumultuous days he was often to be found in the observation post rather than in his dressing station.' He went to the war without illusions, and after his service at the front his old gayety never returned. He had been profoundly moved, and 'bore in his body until the end the signs of his experience.' Yet in August, 1915, he wrote from his hospital post: 'I expect to wish often that I had stuck to the artillery.' He was at all times mindful of the noble message from his mother to which he refers in a letter after the worst of the ordeal was over:

On the eve of the battle of Ypres I was indebted to you for a letter which said, 'take good care of my son Jack; but I would not have you unmindful that, sometimes, when we save we lose.' I have that last happy phrase to thank. Often when I had to go out over the areas that were being shelled, it came into my mind.

Nothing better explains the affection in which John McCrae was held than the passages describing his love of children and animals. 'Through all his life, and through all his letters, dogs and children followed him as shadows follow men. To walk in the streets with him was a slow procession. Every dog and every child one met must be spoken to, and each made answer.' The letters to his nephews and nieces are full of delightful stories of his horse Bonfire and his dog Bonneau, and many of them are written in the person of the former and signed with a horseshoe—'Bonfire his mark.' Bonneau accompanied him round the wards; Bonfire was full of tricks, and when his master sat down within his reach would pick off his cap; he also 'made a great hit with the Sisters, because he licks their hands just like a dog.' And the picture of little Mike, four months old, who had lost an eye and had a leg broken, but 'is a very good little boy all the same'; of Sir Bertrand Dawson's spaniel Sue, and 'poor old Windy,' the regimental dog of the 1st Battalion of the Lincolns, who came to the hospital to be healed of his second wound, will move the hearts of all dog-lovers.

McCrae's health was failing when he came to Boulogne. All his life he had suffered from asthma, and he felt the cold terribly. But he did his work, and did it well. He died after a few days' illness, and was buried with full honors in the cemetery at Wimereux 'on this sunny slope, facing the sunset and the sea,' as one of the nurses put it, adding: 'The nurses lamented that he became unconscious so quickly that they could not tell him how much they cared. To the funeral all came as we did, because we loved him so.' Many fine tributes were paid to John McCrae by his colleagues and friends. But after quoting their testimony Sir Andrew

Macphail, with a sure instinct, finds the best memorial in McCrae's own words, in which he set forth the ideal of the noble profession he adorned—an ideal which he came so near realizing:

To his own students John McCrae once quoted the legend from a picture, to him 'the most suggestive picture in the world': 'What I spent I had; what I saved I lost; what I gave I have; and he added: 'It will be in your power every day to store up for yourselves treasures that will come back to you in the consciousness of duty well done, of kind acts performed, things that, having given away freely, you yet possess. It has often seemed to me that when in the Judgment those surprised faces look up, and say: Lord, when saw we Thee anhungered, and fed Thee; or thirsty, and gave Thee drink; a stranger, and took Thee in; naked, and clothed Thee; and there meets them that warrant-royal of all charity: Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me, there will be among those awed ones many a practitioner of medicine.'

The Spectator

ONE'S MORNING PAPER AND THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

BY IVOR BROWN

It is commonly supposed that the man who talks of 'journalese' refers to the viscous jargon which calls a catch-word 'a slogan.' But it is not the vocabulary of the reporter and sub-editor that is the real menace to our tongue. Dead metaphors are as ugly as most corpses, and as harmless. The stuffed bird, however objectionable to the bird lover, is not bad taste in the bar parlor: it is the stuffed bird in the study that infuriates. So we can pass over the lifeless metaphor in the morning's news without noticing it, but shudder to see it in a book of quality. Slang, too, when it is spontaneous, has a particular liveliness of its own, and, kept in its place, does nobody any

harm; and slang as a rule stays in its place, which is the headline and the gossip column. The English language is in no danger from the seductions of the *Tatler's* 'Eve,' or the *Bystander's* 'Blanche,' for Eve and Blanche do not essay to write treatises on the soul of man or pamphlets on our present discontents. The peril does not come from flippancy and triviality and the popular craze for loquacious imbecility. It is the hidden hand of the leader-writer that we dread; it is when men begin to write in serious vein that they write so vilely. Not that they fall into slang, for slang does at least hit you in the eye; and that is something. But the publicist of to-day waves his arms in a wild frenzy of abstraction, and hits nothing at all. The reporter may be an earthy fellow, but that has its advantages, if he avoids being lost in the fog.

The modern leader-writer is placed, let us grant, in a most exasperating position. The hour of going to press becomes, for various reasons, continually more early, and thus articles on events of the day are written under greater pressure and strain. Furthermore, the buying and selling of daily papers for parties by industrial and political magnates renders the journalist's fate more wretched. He writes more than ever to orders, and those orders come in outline from the owner of the paper. But in these volcanic times opportunism ousts principle, and, policy being as unsettled as the world, it is the leader-writer's task to say just enough and never too much. The conciliation of interests and personalities drives him into the dangerous arts of compromise. This fact, coupled with the continuous spread of half-defined abstract ideas, muddies the stream of thought; and the result of muddy thought is muddy language. Our speech is loaded with isms and ologies, which may be harmless, perhaps

really useful, in the hands of men who are prepared to define every term they use, but which are completely fatal to reason and clearness when ladled out in bucketfuls. In nearly all writing about political and social affairs, the flow of thought is dammed by a cumbersomely evasive phraseology. It is all hedging and hesitation. Who is not familiar with the article that begins: 'We are disinclined to believe that a tendency toward Bolshevism [undefined] is commencing to manifest itself among some sections of the British working classes. Far be it from us to attempt to prescribe to the man in the street the sphere and confines of his legitimate aspirations, but we feel it our duty to point out,' etc.? This is not slang; it is something far worse. It is mere evasion. How miserable are those 'tendencies toward' and 'disinclinations to believe'! It is they, not the stunts of subalternese, that are turning our gold into dross.

The objection arises that the journalist is not, after all, an important person: his work is purely ephemeral and his day is short. But, unfortunately, journalism is the apprenticeship of most men of letters. A man must live, and the writing of books is notoriously an unremunerative calling: accordingly, he earns his bread and butter through the press, and makes authorship a spare-time occupation. It is not surprising that those who pass through the fire should come out singed, not strange that the muddy phraseology should stick to its user. When a man is given an hour or two to turn out something specious and acceptable on a subject of which he knows almost nothing,—when, in fact, he accepts the rôle of professional sophist,—he turns to ambiguity as a hungry man snatches food. There follow the studied moderation, the padding of sentences, the cult of the mean-

ingless abstraction. And the resulting feebleness infects the entire health and strength of a once vigorous language.

The point is easily made plain if we turn back to English political writers of the nineteenth century, let alone those of earlier epochs. An admirable instance is to be found in the essays of Lord Macaulay. Macaulay was a typical Whig, a man of much sense and little sensibility, a drastic logician, a violent and often a pedantic critic. We pride ourselves nowadays on a finer quality of imagination, a greater susceptibility to delicate impressions. But, whether we agree with Macaulay or not, we do not close the book and wonder what it is all about. He says what he means, and he says it hard. A lucid virility is the essence of his style. Here at least is a clear bright flame of reason, not a muzzy glow. English utilitarianism is out of fashion; our Hegelians and mystics pass it contemptuously by. We have yet something to learn from utilitarian politics; after all, we are in no position to laugh. And we have still more to learn from the utilitarian writing. It would be hard to find more agreeable English than the prose of Lord Morley and Sir Leslie Stephen. Here are clarity and strength well compounded, a stream never sluggish, yet never tossing in the rapids of verbosity. Morley's *Voltaire* is instinct with passion; yet there is not a vague phrase, nor an empty one. Every word plays its part, and every line has dignity.

Should one follow the English publicists still further back, the contrast is even more marked. What have we in these days to match Swift's *Conduct of the Allies*? Only Mr. Shaw, another Irishman, approaches Swift in power, and the secret of Mr. Shaw's power is his sincerity. Of Swift, in his full flight of passionate reasoning, it may be said, as of the clerk of Oxenford,

Not one word spak he more than was need;
All that he spak it was of heye prudence,
And short, and quyk, and ful of gret sentence.

There could be no finer description of a good prose style.

Direct writing is the counterpart of direct practice, and honesty in English prose vanishes with honesty in public life. The corruption of the eighteenth century was at least an open corruption: it never troubled to hide its ugly head, and there is less guilt in knavery when all are knaves confessed. But the corruption of to-day is a backstairs business that carries our minds to the freedmen of Imperial Rome: all the dealing is done on the quiet, and bills are paid in jobs and honors rather than in hard cash. Statesmanship has yielded to Big Business, and the substitution of business men for statesmen means the substitution of opportunism for principle and policy. We live in the 'wangler's' day of triumph, and are fed with 'wangler's' English, a diet of cheap narcotics. Yet if our books are compact of studied nothingness, the public must accept its share of the blame. Never was truth more openly spurned. We run from it like children from a bogey; and crouch shivering beneath the skirts of Dora, there to be nursed with the drowsy syrups of the censorship. In a world where truth is dishonored there may be cleverness of affectation and neat trickery of the tongue. But style is dead.

The Athenæum

MR. FRANK BRANGWYN, R.A.

BY E. T. RAYMOND

BEHIND a high and rather forbidding wall in a street off the Broadway at Hammersmith, where few prospects please and most of the architecture is

vile, stands one of those long, low Georgian houses, a few years ago common in every older suburb, against which the flat-speculator has waged a war of extermination.

This house serves as dwelling place and atelier to Mr. Frank Brangwyn, who has just become a member of the Royal Academy. In one sense the house symbolizes its tenant; for Mr. Brangwyn owes his distinction as an artist to a singular and happy mingling of intense modernism in externals, with the faith and spirit of a long-past time. He is a man of the Middle Ages in trousers; and the more really one because he has no positive objection to the trousers. Indeed, there could be nothing more authentically twentieth century than the outer man of Mr. Brangwyn. He is not, indeed, a typically English figure. The full, florid, bearded face might well belong to some prosperous Brussels tradesman; it is the kind of face one often used to see on a Sunday afternoon in the Bois de la Cambre, placid and eupeptic, beaming alternately on a highly comfortable Bock and a highly comfortable wife. For Mr. Brangwyn, though of Welsh descent, was born at Bruges, and has more than a suggestion of the once fat land of Flanders. He is rather the Continental bourgeois than the English middle-class man, but with as little artistic affectation as either; if ever he were seen in a velvet jacket, it must have been very early in his career, and his taste in ties is as sober as a bank director's. Nobody, of course, could possibly mistake him for a bank director, or for any kind of business man; there is a faint note of the Bohemian with all his rectitude; and you feel that he takes no real joy in his trouser crease.

But if there is no enthusiasm, there is no revolt. Mr. Brangwyn accepts the conventions as he accepts every

other external of the twentieth century; his only revenge is to go a little farther back spiritually. It is the same with his work. He is content to take as his raw materials the Hammersmith street, or the chimneys of the nearest power house, or the electric cranes on the riverside. He does not regret the existence of John Smith, the trade-unionist, or complain that he does not spell himself Jehan and belong to a mediæval guild; but uses him, dirty collar, sloppy tweeds, trade-unionism, and all — and somehow gets a rare dignity out of him, while telling the essential truth. Such a man as Dante Gabriel Rossetti, both as poet and painter, remained a Victorian with a squint, despite his labored efforts at archaism, because he tried to keep one eye on the nineteenth century and one on the twelfth. Mr. Brangwyn has both eyes on the twentieth, but his soul is in the twelfth. He is one with the old masters, because he is so vitally of his own time.

The Academy has honored itself by honoring the least academic of living artists. But one wonders how Mr. Brangwyn feels in that gallery; he is like some great wolfhound on view among a lot of sleek Italian greyhounds. His whole outlook on art is the very antithesis of the average R.A.'s. The Academy remains true to its origin. It was founded chiefly with the view of giving a status to those who supplied a British demand for pretty things, or who painted the portraits of the British aristocracy; and it has so little departed from that rather servile tradition that nine people out of ten think of an academician as necessarily a successful painter of easel pictures, and were considerably astonished when an architect was recently chosen president. Perhaps not altogether unnaturally, architecture was not commonly conceived as an art. This attitude is

the culmination of a movement now more than four hundred years old. Mr. Chesterton has acutely pointed out the essential difference between the objects of art before and after the Renaissance. Mediæval art was popular; the blaze of color inside a cathedral and the riot of fantastic shape outside were the work of artists who had Tom, Dick, and Harry in view; they were not meant to please a small and specialized class, but to appeal to everybody. They were the common man's gift to common men. But with the Renaissance there came, by a variety of incidental causes, a change in feeling. The artist, like the soldier, became a true mercenary. Art became an aristocratic and exclusive concern. Its appeal narrowed; it forsook the streets for the mansions; it spent on a nobleman's goblet the pains that once went to the decoration of a market cross. In succeeding centuries we have fine landscapes, marvelous portraits, silver work, and faïence that are a delight to the connoisseur; but there is a definite good-bye to the greatest in things that cannot go into a remover's van.

Mr. Brangwyn is truly of the mediævals, because to the centre of his being he rebels against this limitation of art. He painted easel pictures to make money and amuse himself; he sometimes paints them still for amusement. He delights in etching, which more than amuses him. But his real heart is in the art that cannot be kept in a portfolio or used to give a false note to a dining room. He is above all, and in the widest sense, a decorator, and there must be moments in his life when he regrets that he was born six centuries too late to do the best that is in him. His imagination glows with visions of real English cities (not the ordinary aggregation of slum and suburb), ruled by men jealous for their beauty as well as for their wealth,

filled with enthusiasm for the common life, in which art would take its place as no extraneous thing, but as an impulse governing every corporate activity. In such cities it would indeed be well that the chief citizens should delight in filling their houses with the best that the easel painter could produce. There is a legitimate domestic and intimate side to art; but the true work of a great genius would be, as in the distant past, for Everyman: work which could not serve as gambler counters for the speculator, or certificates of taste for the millionaire, but would remain for centuries a reminder to citizens of the glories of their past.

It is the enormous insensibility of his countrymen to art as a vital thing, touching life at all points, that makes Mr. Brangwyn's considerable world success not a little ironical to him. There is a constant and lucrative market for the pictures he does not want to paint, since the days are long past when a five-pound note was of consequence to the self-taught artist who had roughed it before the mast, and vagabonized it in many remote parts of the globe. But there is little demand in this country for the work he would like to do for it. With a half-humorous sigh he will talk to you of proffered foreign commissions, and of the English orders that so seldom come. England wants of Mr. Brangwyn only what Mr. Brangwyn does not want to do for England. The English shop-keeper who controls our municipalities probably never heard his name; in any case, knows him only as a picture painter. He cannot complain of want of success. His name is respected by the print sellers, at Christie's, and everywhere where pictures are sold. It is no case of a neglected genius; only the sadder case of a misused one. For Frank Brangwyn, properly employed, might have filled the public buildings

of England with feasts of form and color which would have brought us pilgrims from everywhere for centuries to come. Instead, much of his best work can only be seen abroad, and the best of all remains undone.

The Outlook

SOME LEGENDS OF THE WAR

M. ALBERT DAUZAT'S book * is of real psychological interest. The creation of legends in our own time and by our own people is surely as interesting as the stories of mediæval Italians or even of the contemporaries of Cuchulain. This naturally applies only to the unconsciously created legend, for during the war governments for their own purposes invented stories, allowed false reports to go without contradiction, and suppressed facts when it suited them to do so. The psychology of masses is such that the necessity for these subterfuges is sometimes imperative, and it would be mere hypocrisy to blame governments for not immediately and always publishing the exact truth. Thus the uncensored publication of the news of the disastrous battle of Charleroi in August, 1914, would certainly have caused a panic in the Allied countries. On the other hand, the ingenious Wolff was rather too fertile in subtle yarns, and his scientific fabrications were frequently so very unlikely that the most credulous of his own people doubted him.

How difficult it is to obtain a precise account of any event, even from eye-witnesses, is shown by an anecdote given in M. Dauzat's volume. At a meeting of scientists a squabble between two people was suddenly and unexpectedly sprung upon them by previous arrangement. The president of the meeting, under pretense of se-

curing legal evidence, requested everyone present to write a report of what had happened. Though the assembly consisted exclusively of psychologists, jurists, and doctors, only one report contained less than twenty per cent of errors, thirteen had more than fifty per cent of errors, and thirty-four had invented between ten and fifteen per cent of the details. When men of science, quietly met together, can make so many errors in a single report there can be no further surprise at the legends invented and implicitly believed in during the agitated years of war. Quite apart from those artificially started by governments, either in their own or the enemy's country, there were numbers which grew up spontaneously, usually from a slight basis of fact but so magnified or distorted as to be unrecognizable. The famous story of the angels at Mons belongs to this category. On September 20, 1914, Mr. Arthur Machen published in the *Evening News* a little imaginative sketch called 'The Archers' in which the soldiers were supposed to receive help from spirits. This story, running from mouth to mouth, rapidly lost all memory of its real origin, and was reported as an actual occurrence. Many occult reviews gave it credence; it was mentioned in sermons, and in August, 1915, a wounded lance corporal asserted that he and his comrades had seen 'strange lights' and 'outstretched wings' during the retreat. A similar legend, though less easily traceable, is the 'miracle of the Marne.' Rather more original (for it was scarcely likely that Jeanne d'Arc would be left out), is the story of how St. Anthony of Padua came to a drill-ground in Italy, and said to the instructor: 'Why torment these men uselessly? The war will be over in two months.' M. Dauzat gives it as his opinion that the saint was a pro-German monk from a

* *Légendes, Prophéties, et Superstitions de la Guerre*. By Albert Dauzat. Paris, La Renaissance du Livre. 5f.

neighboring monastery. The most picturesque of the heroic legends is that of 'Debout les Morts!' which was a command actually given by Lieutenant Péricard in a trench filled with dead at the critical moment of a German attack.

One of the most amazing of the 'official' legends is that of the Nuremberg bombs, supposed to have been dropped by French aeroplanes before the declaration of war and announced in the Reichstag by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg. Two years later the Mayor of Nuremberg emphatically denied that any such thing had happened! Another more amusing and harmless official 'legend,' or rather hysterical error, occurred in March, 1918, when Paris was first bombarded by long-range guns. In spite of every evidence to the contrary, the military government of Paris issued a startling *communiqué* saying that the city had been bombarded by Gothas!

Newspapers, controlled in their legitimate functions by censorship, were sometimes responsible for rather feeble legends. From them came the story of the German taken prisoner with a bit of bread and butter, the myth of the 'Russian steam roller' (though not of the Russian army passing through England, which was a popular invention), and that most false and nauseating of legends — the 'happy soldier.' In England Captain Bairnsfather performed a similar feat, though he never pretended that trench life was comfortable, as some Parisian journalists apparently did. Some of these newspaper legends are worth recording. The *Münchener Neueste Nachrichten* solemnly informed its readers that seventy thousand of the French 1915 class had deserted; an Italian paper said that the Turks were advancing on the Suez Canal with three hundred thousand bags of sand packed on cam-

els to block the water-way; and the *Canadian News* said Edison had invented a cannon which would fire a shell from New York to Berlin. Besides the new tales that were invented, old ones were refurbished, so that early in 1917 the French public was gratified by the publication of a picture post card showing Maréchal Joffre watching in a front-line trench while a weary poilu slept. The same story was told of the first Napoleon, who was even less likely than Joffre to perform or condone so sentimental a breach of discipline.

Not all stories can be laid to the credit of newspapers (which, after all, frequently only gave currency to generally accepted rumors). Some, like the maps supposed to be hidden behind the advertisement sheets of *Bouillon Kub* and the cans of gold carried off in a magic automobile, could only have been due to popular imagination. Moreover, the civilians were not the only people who invented legends. Soldiers, confined to their own tiny sector, and skeptical of newspaper reports which their experience had taught them were generally false, were ready and credulous victims. Every French defeat was attributed by the troops to treachery; thus Charleroi was supposed to be due to the betrayal of the French army by two generals (whose names it would be ungenerous to repeat), who, according to wounded men, had been court-martialed and shot. These two generals are still alive and in possession of their rank, which could scarcely be the case if these rumors had been true. The French reverse at the Chemin des Dames in 1917, caused a wild outcry of treachery; and even the victory of the Marne was frequently attributed to the treachery of an Alsatian general in the German army. Rumors of attacks and offensives, of victories and

reverses, were astonishingly numerous in the trenches. Stories which someone had heard 'down the line' from someone at 'Corps' or 'Division' were constantly circulated; and those which did not originate in some piece of misinformation conveyed by an officer were invented by the men themselves.

It would be possible to add many examples from the British army to those recorded by M. Dauzat of the French. Thus, in 1917, a sergeant-major gave a runner a note to take up to the front line, with the command to hurry, as the information contained in the 'chit' was that the Germans were sending over gas at midnight. The runner naturally told the news to everyone he met, and when he arrived perspiring at his destination was not a little crestfallen to find himself reprimanded for spreading a false alarm, as the gas was to be sent over by the British! In December, 1916, a private in the Bedfords asserted with many solemn oaths that a Canadian had told him that the Canadian Corps had taken Lens and 10,000 prisoners. No such action had taken place, and unless the story was a perversion of a big raid it must have been pure invention. But private soldiers were not the only sinners. Wild stories of huge victories in the north were circulated among the retreating troops on the Somme in March, 1918, some on the authority of 'Division.' Less tragic than these is the rumor which was known as 'the wind-up of the Boche batman,' and which will be remembered by anyone who was in the Eighth Corps in May, 1918. The story (officially sent in typewritten sheets from 'Brigade') was that the batman of a German colonel had stated that a great attack had been discussed by several commanders while he was waiting at table. This attack was to come off on a cer-

tain date, at night, on a front stretching from Arras to Ypres, and was to be preceded by an artillery preparation of terrific intensity. The joy of the front-line troops when they received this information with the intimation that the 'higher command' thought it extremely likely that the information was correct and the order that positions were to be held 'at all costs,' can only adequately be imagined by old gentlemen who sit in the corners of clubs and discourse patriotically. Needless to say, the attack took place about three weeks later on the Chemin des Dames against the French. The number of these legends was very large, and their multiplicity of detail and longevity call forth the deepest admiration for the imagination of those who conceived them and those who embellished them.

Such a book as this shows the vast imagination of common people. Out of the folk consciousness grows up much of the literature of an age, and no doubt the angels at Mons and Jeanne d'Arc at the Marne will be told as tales long after the works of accurate historians have disappeared, as the sound of the horn of Roland at Roncesvalles outlived the memory of the wars in which it was a mere apocryphal incident. Inevitably much of this modern invention seems to us puerile, vulgar, and trite, but had we sufficient largeness of sympathy to receive it we should find it only an expression of the idealism of great masses. Fantomas, Sherlock Holmes, Hindenburg, Kitchener — what are they but myths, creations of the popular fancy, ideal characters which satisfy a longing for the romantic and the marvelous? Victor Hugo — and how many of his predecessors — discovered that the superman was a popular ideal before Nietzsche was born.

The Times

MR. WELLS IN THE LAND
OF UZ *

THIS is the Book of Job in twentieth-century setting, with the essential problem unchanged by the accumulated knowledge of three thousand years. Mr. Wells even endeavors to provide a repetition of the arguments and characters of the original 'novel': the nagging wife, the three comfortless comforters, the interpellation of Elihu, the reply of God to his impeachment by the spirit of man. But the plot and dialogue are no more peculiar to the skeptic of Nineveh than to the skeptic of Norfolk. It is as old as the hills, and as simple and inscrutable: the reality which lies at the background of all man's feverish activities, which man, in his feverish activities, would fain forget. Misfortune — unexpected, paralyzing, seemingly undeserved — falls out of the blue sky upon one of the family of mankind. This misfortune is of so overwhelming a character that the temptation is strong to 'curse God and die.' The protagonist refuses to curse God and die. He is driven back by his pain and misery into consideration of all sentient pain and misery. He is driven by the senseless stupidity of his suffering to consider the senseless stupidity of all suffering. At the awful hour of disgrace and imminent death, with — more bitter than death — the knowledge that his life-work is about to be destroyed, he defies a like despair, acceptance, and the 'opium' of all false anodynes. He cleaves his way through mist and brambles to a faith partly based on reason, partly on a kind of mystical apprehension of the 'undying fire' in man. He is answered by God — in a vision out of the whirlwind — and that answer, though irrational, is a vindication. And the argu-

ment ends — in the West as in the East — with prosperity restored.

Job Huss has built up a school which is both good in itself and a living example to others of how good can be attained. Into this school he has thrown all the energy and sacrifice of a lifetime. Fever falls on it and kills two of his boys. A fire on the last day of term kills two others. At the same time all his fortune disappears with a defaulting solicitor. His only son is reported dead in the war. He is stricken down with a growth diagnosed as cancer. His three 'friends' arrive on the day of his operation, to break the news to him that he is expected to resign, and that the school is to be entrusted to one of them, an under-master, who teaches science as technical chemistry, rather than as a subject of liberal education. They tell him that his work is a failure, and at first the conversation is concerned with the familiar lines of Mr. Wells's impeachment of contemporary educational ideas. But it speedily passes to impeachment of contemporary religious ideas. Against the acceptance of reason directing the world, Mr. Wells, through the mouth of his spokesman, exhibits the gigantic irrationality of the evolutionary process, leading nowhither but to an ultimate frozen universe. Against the acceptance of goodness directing the world, he exhibits the gigantic misery of the evolutionary process, the agony and bloody sweat which lie behind even the seeming outward serenity of all visible and beautiful things. He tosses angrily aside the age-long arguments — that he has brought his misery upon himself, that the natural world exhibits order, beneficence, and design, that another life will compensate for the sufferings of this one, and reveal the goodness and intelligence of it all. He will have nothing to do with the

* *The Undying Fire*. A contemporary novel. By H. G. Wells. Cassells. 6s.

so-called 'penetration of the barrier,' and the grotesque reports of a grotesque existence beyond, as 'revealed' by the investigations of a Conan Doyle or an Oliver Lodge. Moreover, the desire for the only absolutely good thing that immortality might bring — the restoration of loved to lover — is for him, as for so many throughout the centuries — inseparably bound up with the body. He has no use for a reunion of disembodied shades in the vasty halls of death: and in his rejection of light or hope in such a shadow world he is back again with the author of the Book of Job. The only immortality he can see worth having is the 'resurrection of the flesh': and that he finds a thing incredible. 'Dearly and bitterly did I love my son, and what is it that my heart most craves for now? His virtues? No! His ambitions? No! none of these things. But for a certain queer flush among his freckles, — for a kind of high crack in his voice . . . a certain absurd hopefulness in his talk — the sound of his footsteps, a little halt there was in the rhythm of them.' 'There is no personality in hope and honor and righteousness and truth,' he declares in an echo of the philosopher of *Rasselas*. 'My son has gone. He has gone forevermore. The pain may some day go.' Man the universal, not the individual, alone lives: 'a tragic rebel in this same world and in no other.'

Doctor Elihu Barrack, accepting all his destructive criticism, urges him to surrender and contentment. The world process goes on; irrational, cruel man must adjust himself to the world process, find out its rules, conform to or dodge those rules to attain happiness, and avoid pain in his bleak and difficult days. It is the old argument of conformity, addressed now not to the iron, irrational, or capricious will of God, but to the iron, irrational, or capricious

process of a meaningless universe. But Mr. Wells refuses to accept this acquiescence as fiercely as he refuses false theories and remedies. He repeats in passionate and poetic form the impeachment and defense of 'natural evolution' by the spirit of man in Huxley's famous Romanes lecture. In the strength of that 'undying fire' which is in man, which is, indeed, God working in man, he will not only condemn that process in thought. He will work to overthrow it in action. He will work to bend and conquer and subdue it by man's (or God's) unconquerable mind. In the fiery resolution of that mind ignorance shall be destroyed by knowledge, fear by courage, forecast of inevitable death in a dying universe by resolve that the God in man shall be enlarged and that God shall live forever. The blind, brutal gods of chance and necessity shall be overthrown. The Son of Man, in the consummation of all things, shall be set upon the throne of his Father.

This spirit that comes into life — it is more like a person than a thing, and so I call it He. And He is not a feature, nor an aspect of things, but a selection among things. . . . He seizes upon and brings out and confirms all that is generous in the natural impulses of the mind. He condemns cruelty and all evil. . . . I will not pretend to explain what I cannot explain. It may be that God is as yet only foreshadowed in life. . . . To me it seems that the creative desire that burns in me is a thing different in its nature from the blind process of matter, is a force running contrariwise to the power of confusion. . . . But this I do know, that once it is lit in a man, then his mind is a light henceforth. It rules his conscience with compelling power. It summons him to live the residue of his days working and fighting for the unity and release and triumph of mankind. He may be mean still, and cowardly and vile still, but he will know himself for what he is. . . . Some ancient phrases live marvelously. Within my heart, *I know that my Redeemer liveth.*

Here, then, in most attractive form is Mr. Wells's 'Apologia' for his faith, allusions to which are scattered through half-a-dozen of his latest volumes and essays. No one, after reading this, could say that the writer does not face the realities. Indeed the negative arguments are recounted in sombre and powerful rhetoric. That faith is compounded in part of reason, in part from a defiant act of will, in part again from a mystical apprehension which gives to its assertion something of the warmth and color associated with the older creeds. It is interesting to note that the answer to Job Huss in this vision of God is exactly the opposite to that of God from the whirlwind to 'this that darkeneth counsel with words without knowledge' in the Eastern parable. There the assertion is of man's ignorance and God's incomprehensible ways, 'Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth?': how can you judge the power that makes strange sea monsters to wallow unheeded on the ocean floor, and sets the wild ass free and makes his house in the wilderness, and causes the ostrich to forget that the wild beast will break her eggs, and sendeth rain on to the desert 'where no man is'? But Mr. Wells's God reveals the delight and laughter of the world, the nobleness and effort in the struggle of man toward intelligence, the little lovely things of life which are still his conquest and treasure: the freshness of the summer morning: the embrace of the lover: joy in honor and a son clean and straight: the play of happy children: the 'first mouthful of roast, red beef on the frosty day and the deep draught of good ale.'

Criticism would not challenge Mr. Wells's sincerity, which is transparent, nor his logic, which is irrefutable. It might rather question his enormous faith in increase of knowledge as a

remedy for the ills of humanity. 'Salvation through teaching of history' is Mr. Job Huss's watchword: to which he adds philosophy and the biological sciences. But teach all men history and philosophy and the biological sciences (and heaven knows the need of such a reform is grave enough): you have no guaranty that such knowledge will insure a high ethical standard or retrieve the vast failure that man has made of his world. Mr. Huss, after his recovery, finds health restored, his fortune repaid, his son alive again, his school returned to him. He sits down to day-dream still further the improvement of his school. He plans a schoolhouse with a map corridor to join the picture gallery and the concert hall with maps to show the growth and succession of Empire; and ethnological exhibits with displays of models of primitive and developing peoples. This view of a sublimated Imperial Institute to teach the history of men might sound almost ironical if Mr. Wells was not so deadly in earnest. Knowledge, though an end in itself, is not conduct: and although a stimulus to the imagination, is not necessarily a guide to right action. Men are not made unselfish, modest, and sincere by the use of globes. Nor can any reason or any acquaintance with past or present affairs enchain 'those giants — the passion and the pride of man.' In part this is recognized by the letter at the conclusion, addressed to the schoolmaster by one of his old pupils from the war. 'There are some of us here who feel almost as though they were your sons: if you don't and can't give us that sort of love, it does n't alter the fact that there are men out here who think of you as they'd like to think of their fathers. . . . You've taught hundreds of us to stick it, and now you owe it to us to stick it yourself.' 'I have had dull boys, and intractable

boys,' says Mr. Huss, 'but nearly all have gone into the world gentlemen, broad-minded, good-mannered, understanding and unselfish masters of self.' But these affections and determinations are not necessarily generated by teaching that mankind is 'in one living story with the reindeer men and the Egyptian priests, with the soldiers of Cæsar and the alchemists of Spain.' Mr. Wells is coming perilously near that 'training of character,' upon which he has poured such wrath in previous utterances. Ignorance is bad in itself and must be fought and conquered. But bad also are the deadly sins — anger, envy, sloth, avarice, pride, cruelty, concupiscence; and knowledge itself possesses no secret which can subdue these scourges which are responsible for most of the misery which can afflict mankind. Mr. Huss in his vision of the future sees man shaking off the shackles which bind him to this planet, and voyaging from star to star. But such voyaging can carry with it but little tranquillity if he takes from one planet to another the lust and choler and greed which torment and render futile his little space of days. Will Mr. Wells's undying fire in man make for their destruction as much as for the mastery over matter,

the removal of disease, the creation of a whole renovated nature which his hero sees in his prophetic vision? Mr. Wells — nothing if not definitely honest — has tried the solution in his pilgrimage through thought to his present religion. At one time it was to be accomplished by the overthrow of the old superstitions. At another by free libraries and the irrigation of the world with cheap literature. In *Mankind in the Making* a race of Samurai, ascetic, devoted, sinking self in the common good as did once the Jesuits, were to carry on the higher government of humanity. In the *Passionate Friends* the ideal was to be promoted by a vast scheme of international publications, in which each nation of the world was to know all about the others. Now he has turned from the old to the young: from the stagnant present to a future still alive. 'Education' is to form the key to open that door which has remained so stubbornly bolted. Let him continue in his search. All his record of it is stimulating, suggestive, and sincere. It is a search in which he is engaged with all the best of his generation, in the effort to rebuild amid the ruins of a world. But not by knowledge alone shall that world be saved.

The Nation

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN

BY WALTER DE LA MARE

PARCHED were my lips with drought of
noon,
Broken my feet, in broken shoon,
The sun shone fierce and leonine
On the salt, salt sea.
But fell at length cool eventide
On barren wave, spread waste and
wide,
On spike-grassed, whispering dunes of
sand,
And soft-ebbed twilight on that land —
The land of Might-have-been.

Chill sighed the wind on cheek and
hair,
A region bare and bleak, yet fair,
Fair with its sparse-strewn, dry-root
flowers,
Its siren-singing haunted bowers,
The silence of those long, long hours
That stuff no mortal year.
Of silver and untroubled sheen
Hung in the West's crystalline green
A planet ne'er by mortal seen,
Named 'Never,' sweet and clear.

A thin brook gushed o'er stones
hard by,
'Forsaken' it babbled; lone was I;
Night's oriental canopy
Tented the eastern sky.
Shade that I was in dream waylaid,
Benighted, and yet unafraid,
I sate me there, all sorrows fled,
And whispered to the sea

The New Statesman

The thousand songs I had hoped to
sing
When I in earth was wandering,
Whereof, alas! poor words could bring
Naught but a deadened echoing
Of 'Benedicite!'

Sweeter than any note men hear
When, latticed in by moonbeams clear,
The bird of the darkness to its fere
Tells out love's mystery,
Rose in my throat and poured its
dew —
That hymn of praise — my being
through;
Gave peace to a heart that never knew
Peace until then, I ween.

No listener mine, mayhap; but ne'er
Trolled happier wight in heaven fair
To a lyre of golden string.
Naught but a soundless voice was I
Beneath that deep, unvoyaged sky,
Silence and silence telling o'er
What makes the stars to sing.

O vanity of age to mourn
What youth in folly left forlorn!
Doth not earth's strange and lovely
mean
Only, 'Come, see, O son of man,
All that you hoped, the naught you
can —
The glory that might have been.'

MR. BLINT AND THE DISCREDITABLE SPECTRES: A STORY

BY THEODORA BOSANQUET

I

MR. BLINT's perceiving blue eyes noted with prompt approval the mel-low dignity of the house that blocked the farther end of an avenue of rook-haunted elms. He tugged sharply at the cord of communication with the chauffeur's arm three times. That meant 'Stop,' but Harper's response was slightly delayed because he had at one time been an omnibus driver and had not completely shed his memories.

'That's some house,' Mr. Blint said to his secretary.

Chubbock agreed. He was always agreeable and supporting. He had n't really observed the house as they passed by the avenue, but he made up for that by pointing out a decaying notice-board which announced that this desirable mansion was to be let, unfurnished, and invited applicants to inquire of Messrs. Bissy and Shap, Kensington, for further particulars.

'I should like to look around,' Mr. Blint said, and Chubbock again agreed.

The tall, rusty gates between the wolf-crowned posts were padlocked and bolted. Chubbock suggested forcing them, but Mr. Blint, already in imagined possession, demurred. 'We'll find another entrance. Being through this gate would n't end our trouble. There must be ten or twelve elm trees across the way.'

'Elms are risky in a high wind, they don't root deep enough,' said Chubbock, who had learned that his em-

ployer liked being informed, 'but I wonder why they've been left to lie there?'

A few minutes' walking brought them to a little wooden door in the high lichen-stained wall, a tempting little door which yielded at once to Chubbock's push, and let them into a prickly thicket of rambling rose bushes. Sharp thorns scratched their hands and faces and tore their coats and trousers as they plunged along the overgrown path, struggling upward toward a broad terrace that promised ease. The ground fell sharply away from the house on this side, and they climbed the crumbling steps of three wide levels before they were at the walls of the building itself. Mr. Blint stared about him as he stood recovering easy breath.

It was clear that nobody had either lived in the house or cared for the place for many years. Ragged waves of rank vegetation surged over the surface of lawns and terraced borders right up to the weedy platform where he stood. In another month or two, when summer had fulfilled the promise of spring, every trace of ordered form would be lost in the triumph of the conquering wilderness. Mr. Blint turned his back on nature and gazed up at the stone-built house.

'Genuine Tudor,' he decided, but he did n't feel certain enough to express his opinion aloud. The business of architectural connoisseurship was taking time to learn. He said instead, 'That's a fine row of dormer windows.'

which were the kind of thing one could recognize quite easily.

'They've been targets for a lot of long-range catapult practice,' said Chubbock, stooping to pick up some smooth round stones. 'Queer that the boys have n't been to fetch some of their shot. Decent stones are n't too common.'

'Well, I reckon they've made it easy for us to walk inside. There ain't a sound windowpane in the whole front.'

They had little difficulty in opening one of the lower windows and climbing through into a long, low room that seemed, from its array of shelves, to have been a library. At the farther end it opened into a great central hall, where Chubbock's attention was caught by the tarnished splendor of a line of coats of arms painted on the dark panels. While Mr. Blint hurried from room to room, taking stock of all the dilapidated beauty and possible restoration, Chubbock's imagination played round the owners of those peeling coats of arms. Heraldry was not, as he would have said, his strong suit, but he made out that the constantly recurring representation of a castle, surmounted by a mailed fist, must be associated with the main line of the possessing family. Looking about for further evidence he discovered the monogram 'B. de B.' roughly carved on a panel over the fireplace.

Further research was checked by a oyoous shout from Mr. Blint, who had reached the upper floor. Chubbock ran upstairs. He found the little man leaning out of the window at the western end of a long corridor. 'Look, Mr. Chubbock, look at that!' he exclaimed.

Chubbock looked out over the low walls of outbuildings to a shimmer of water. 'Yes, sir?' he said, gently inquiring.

'Fish ponds,' said Mr. Blint. Then he added, 'We'll go right back to Kensington.'

II

When he called next morning at the office of Messrs. Bissy and Shap, Mr. Blint amiably observed to the clerks in charge that he was pleased to meet them. 'Perhaps,' he added, 'you'll have heard of me— Abraham L. Blint, sole patentee of "My Mother's Tones" records, the only successful attempt yet made to reproduce the softer notes of the human voice. Your lightest whisper made audible throughout the Albert Hall.' He paused at this point for their recognition. Renouncing expectation, he went on: 'I presume you can put me in possession of an estate just outside Cutsdene village, County Oxford.'

They hunted the property through several folios, finally running it down as 'Blackmere Hall,' a fine Tudor mansion (with later additions), beautifully situated in salubrious surroundings, comprising a large walled garden, fish ponds, a park, and several acres of shooting. To be let on a long lease.

'It appears to have been empty a long time. You gentlemen don't happen to know why, do you?' Mr. Blint asked.

Neither of the young gentlemen could imagine why.

'I'd kind of hoped there might be a family ghost,' Mr. Blint explained. 'I promised to get an old English house for a birthday present for my daughter, and she's crazy to have a ghost. However, I'll take the risk of there not being one. You put the thing through for me right now.'

A week of such hustling as the clerks of Messrs. Bissy and Shap had never before been subjected to in their tranquil lives put Mr. Blint in possession. He engaged a landscape gardener, a sanitary engineer, and an architect, licensed them to engage all the labor they required at any price they liked,

wrote to his daughter, Regina, that he had a good specimen of a Tudor house which would be ready for her birthday, and told Chubbock to do his best to discover a potential family ghost in the history of Blackmere Hall.

The gardener, the architect, and the sanitary engineer applied themselves expectantly, though not without mutual bickering, to their jobs. Regina Blint cabled that she should sail on June 12,—a clear six weeks ahead, but Regina was a natural cabler. Chubbock, delving in county histories and parish records, and supplementing these researches by inquiries in the Cutsdene public houses, was able to offer his employer plenty of reassuring evidence of the thoroughly haunted condition of the place.

It had come into the possession of the de Banville family in 1550, when one Brian de Banville (Chubbock remembered the monogram over the fireplace), impoverished by a dissolute and expensive mode of life, had sought to mend his fortunes by espousing an heiress whose appearance had discouraged less bold or less desperate men. The chronicler of Brian's marriage described her, indeed, as 'Black-browed and squinting with a mighty hump upon her back.' The child of this matrimonial venture, inheritor of his father's tastes and his mother's looks, was the first of a long line of 'wicked lords,' who held and bled the property till 1880, when the last baron died childless and intestate. The place had passed to the son of a sister, who had escaped the perpetual virginity that was the common portion of the bad-tempered, ill-favored de Banville women by bribing her father's groom to run away with her. Her son enjoyed his inheritance for less than a day. He was found dead on the floor of his bedroom the morning after his arrival, with black finger marks on his

throat, and his wife gibbering in a corner of the room. The elder of his two sons was drowned in the fish pond on the day of his father's funeral; the younger, separated from his family at this juncture by an attack of measles, had never been inside the gates. He had a firm conviction that a visit would prove unhealthy for him. He had, therefore, let it, on a thirty years' lease, to a gentleman who, having amassed a fortune in the city, wished to acquire a position in the country. But the gentleman had discovered, after a tenancy of one week, that Blackmere Hall was in the wrong part of the country, and the place had remained empty ever since.

These were the more important of the facts collected by the industrious Chubbock, who laid them before Mr. Blint with some pride. Not every untenanted house had so rich a train of sinister associations nor so bad a reputation among the villagers in the vicinity. Not even to steal timber, not even to recover catapult shot would the strong men or the limber lads of the village enter the precincts of Blackmere Hall. The landscape gardener, the architect, and the sanitary engineer had alike found local labor unavailable. Workmen had to be conveyed in motor lorries from Oxford every day.

III

The gurgling of the new cistern was one of the first noises to attract the attention and arouse the suspicion of the de Banvilles. After that they began to notice many other changes during their nightly peregrinations. Hot-water pipes coiled about the walls, the roof became water tight, the windows were completely glazed, the drains exposed and replaced, the courtyard turned into a dumping ground for bricks and mortar. Comparing notes

of indignation, the de Banvilles found themselves agreed for the first time since their death. The fury that consumed their incorporeal bosoms burned the fiercer for their inability to resist the invasion of their premises. By daylight they were without any power to demonstrate their displeasures, and each evening the bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, and gardeners laid down their tools and sought their lorries at 6 o'clock, with the punctual unanimity of good trade unionists.

The de Banvilles passed sleepless days in the halls of the damned discussing the approaching menace to their enjoyment of their nocturnal quarters. Making a virtue of necessity they talked with tolerance of the building operations. 'The place will last us the longer,' as one shade expressed it.

Nevertheless, they took full advantage of their first opportunity for practising any art but patience. This occurred when the old English furniture, acquired throughout the English countryside at prices that would have made the dealers writhe with anguish if they had known, arrived in several *pantechnicon* vans. The unloading and arrangement of this collection was estimated to last two days. The night watchman left in charge when the first day's unpacking was ended fled away shrieking at midnight to the Banville Arms, where he threatened to die in convulsions.

Mr. Blint hurried down from London the moment he was aware of this event. He interrogated the man with eager curiosity, but could extract little information beyond that 'several of 'em' had surrounded him and that a monstrous white hound with a fiery tongue had pursued him to the gates. Mr. Blint lost no time in letting his daughter know these glad tidings.

'Real Tudor ghosts with usual domestic animals,' he cabled. She replied that she was sailing immediately lest they should have vanished before she could see them.

'She'll be right here in another ten days,' Mr. Blint told Chubbock. 'You hire a set of English servants to-morrow at a Registry Bureau, so we'll be able to have the house ready for her. You're so clever, Mr. Chubbock, I can trust you to get the real old kind, but you show them to me before they start in, just so that I can bring a fresh eye to bear and see if they look the family servant type.'

The fresh eye could detect nothing that was n't typical about the collection presented to its notice by Chubbock. There was a housekeeper with gray hair and big spectacles who genuflected with an audible rustle of her black silk skirts. There was a shaven butler, wearing a Roman nose at an angle of perfectly discreet dignity. There were footmen who were noticeable for nothing but their height and their impassive expression. There was a red-faced cook and a pale-faced kitchen maid. There were variously demure housemaids. There was a boot boy in the uniform of a scout.

Mr. Blint's natural desire to induct this company into the house himself melted away before the housekeeper's serene assurance that everything should be ready for his arrival in time for dinner on the day after their own installation. He began to recognize the beauty of the English tradition of perpetual readiness for the coming of the master. Clearly it was one of the rules that you must give your servants a start in the first place. Afterwards it was their business never to be taken by surprise. Amiably wishing to play his own part worthily, Mr. Blint fell in with the proposed arrangement.

IV

For the first time in their long years of honorable service the housekeeper and the butler had failed to maintain their attitude. When Mr. Blint and his secretary entered the Hall they found it void of any human presence.

Chubbock's immediate fear that he had engaged a gang of burglars with a pretty talent for amateur theatricals was dispelled by the shining array of plate on the sideboard. Then he saw an envelope addressed to Mr. Blint lying on a salver. The enclosed note stated in respectful terms and unsteady writing that the entire staff had left for London, 'not being equal to the strain of another night.'

'You go right back and hire another set, Mr. Chubbock. You can tell them whatever you think they ought to know and you can offer them double wages.'

'But you'll come too, sir,' Mr. Chubbock urged. 'You can't stay here alone.'

Mr. Blint's blue eyes were gleaming and his thin straight lips were so nearly relaxed from their habitual and misleading line of dogged determination as to be almost parted. 'Why, Mr. Chubbock, it is n't that I don't appreciate your company, but I know you'll understand my feeling; I can get the full flavor better by myself. You can send Harper down with a car first thing tomorrow.'

Chubbock never argued. He was too tall and too modest. 'Are you going to sit up all night?' he asked.

'I shall do very well in the big chair. But have some supper before you start back. They've laid out plenty of cold food,' said Mr. Blint, leading the way to the table.

They ate in silence, Mr. Blint exalted above the level of easy speech and Chubbock depressed below it.

The only reference he made to the situation in which he was to leave his employer was contained in an offer of his electric torch, 'in case anything goes wrong with the light.'

Mr. Blint refused. 'I'd rather use a candle in one of those pewter candlesticks.'

He had no intention of putting the lighting apparatus to any test. Firelight and candlelight were the proper illumination for ghosts, not acetylene gas. He sent Chubbock away in the twilight, and settled himself in the inglenook of the great hall to await the coming of night.

Night came with a sighing wind that rustled through the leaves of the elms and sent branches tapping gently against the windows. Beyond the wavering patch of firelight the comfortable forms of solid oak chairs and tables were blotted out in the darkness. Mr. Blint turned away from the fire so that nothing visible could approach without his observation, and reminded himself frequently of the position of each of the five doors leading off from the hall. The staircase was easily remembered — besides the polish of the steps occasionally reflected the gleam of a leaping flame.

After he had replenished the fire for the fifth time, he began to relax a little of his strained attention. Observation with nothing to observe but the flickering shadows was fatiguing. His thoughts began to wander across the Atlantic.

They came to heel smartly as his ears caught the sound of voices on the stairs, whispering. He sat very straight and still, staring up into the blackness, listening to the sound of feet that came tapping down the wooden steps and the swish of silken skirts. But no form emerged from the dark shadow.

Mr. Blint asked himself if he could be mistaken. Perhaps the rising wind

had sounded like muttered speech. Perhaps the tapping branches had reminded him of footsteps. Perhaps rats or mice —

A scream ran down the stairs, then three pistol shots in quick succession, then a yell of triumphant laughter. Lighting his candle as he stumbled up the stairs, Mr. Blint ran hurrying toward the sound. But the laughter died away before he could locate it, and he was recalled to the hall by a hollow groan.

When he reached the hall it was full of whispers, but there was nothing to be seen.

At the end of another hour Mr. Blint was tired. Rapid pursuit and stealthy stalking had equally failed to bring him into any relation with the owners of the ghostly voices. His own speech was the only articulate sound among the indistinguishable murmurs. 'Could n't you wait a bit?' he called vainly after retreating footsteps as he pattered along with his candle held aloft.

With the return of daylight the voices were hushed and Mr. Blint was forced to the rueful conclusion that he was no seer. Probably, he admitted, he had not sufficiently exercised his psychic faculties. But it was a consolation to remember that Regina had exercised hers. She was never without a presentiment or an intuition.

He put the case to a friend with whom he was lunching. 'It is n't,' he explained, 'as if I could n't hear the darned ghosts. I know they're there.'

His friend told him he was the victim of auditory hallucinations; a commonplace trouble curable by psychoanalysis.

Mr. Blint took an intelligent interest in the theory, but was not wholly convinced of its application. 'Is that so?' he said. Then, suddenly aware that a wonderful idea had been born

to him, he added: 'Well, if I am hallucinated any I guess I can fix up a witness that won't be. You come to my rooms next Saturday at 11 A.M., and I'll show you something very interesting.'

He arrived punctually to find Mr. Blint and Chubbock busy putting together a big gramophone. The case was decorated with a picture of a baby, presumably orphaned, being lulled to sleep by a record of 'My Mother's Tones.'

'This is the new witness,' Mr. Blint explained. 'I got the apparatus fitted up to take records in the places where the ghosts seemed to be making the most noise. Now we'll see whether they made any impression.'

'Ah, great scheme,' said his visitor, but he looked as if he expected nothing from it.

'Put in the staircase disc, Mr Chubbock.'

Chubbock selected the disc, fixed it in position and set it rotating.

The sounds that first reached Mr. Blint were as unrecognizable as the mutterings he had heard himself while he watched in the hall. By degrees, however, as he grew accustomed to the faint thin pitch, he made out fragments of articulate sentences, and began to be able to piece them together.

The moving disc moved on, dragging Mr. Blint's amazed attention in its wake. He held his breath for a horrified moment, letting it out in a low whistle. He looked at the door, which was safely shut. Then he looked at Chubbock's cheeks, which were bright pink. Finally he looked at his skeptical friend, whose face was hidden by his hands.

It should be remembered that although it had been disappointing for Mr. Blint not to see any ancestral shades, it had been far more disconcerting for the de Banvillès not to

bring off any of their effects. They had been at immense pains to arrange a series of scenes from the most discreditable parts of their earthly history. Representations of murdered wives, tortured rivals, mouthing maniacs had been set with every care for verisimilitude; and Mr. Blint, instead of being reduced to twittering imbecility, had run about with a lighted candle begging them to show themselves. Naturally the de Banvilles had been beside themselves with impotent rage.

They had not, however, been speechless. Mr. Blint waited while the disc performed a few more revolutions. Then he sprang forward and stopped the machine.

‘I don’t reckon,’ he said slowly, ‘there’s a mighty amount for a man of my experience to learn about vice. I’m acquainted with most kinds of wickedness to be found in the United States and the Argentine Republic. I’ve heard language in saloons out West that would blow you gentlemen from here to Alabama. But the things recorded on that disc——!’ He threw the window wide open and leaned out to inhale a deep breath of the good London air. ‘What makes me sorry,’ he went on, ‘is the disap-

Land and Water

pointment to Miss Blint. I could n’t be responsible for letting a pure-minded, high-thinking young American girl run the risk of meeting ghosts like those. Mr. Chubbock, you go and fix it with those agents. Tell them to get me another Tudor house within the week.’

‘If you’ve no other use for the discs,’ said his converted friend, ‘I might take them to the Society of Psychical Research. They would value them immensely.’

‘I don’t think I could do that,’ said Mr. Blint.

‘Not in the interests of science?’

Mr. Blint’s conscience was made in New England. It was impervious to the claims of science when they conflicted with the claims of morality. ‘I’ve attended meetings of the Society,’ he explained, ‘and I would n’t like the members to hear what we’ve heard this morning. Several of them are University professors.’

Lest he should be further tempted, the champion of ancestral decency destroyed the evidence with the poker.

Nevertheless, the de Banvilles had won their battle. They had routed the invader and regained peaceful possession of a greatly strengthened habitation.

THAT YOUNG, SHY CLERGYMAN

BY MAX BEERBOHM

FRAGMENTARY, pale, momentary — almost nothing — glimpsed and gone — as it were, a faint human hand thrust up, never to reappear, from beneath the rolling waters of time, he forever haunts my memory and solicits my weak imagination. Nothing is told of him but that once, abruptly, he asked a question, and received an answer.

This was on the afternoon of April 7, 1778, at Streatham, in the well-appointed house of Mr. Thrale. Johnson, on the morning of that day, had entertained Boswell at breakfast in Bolt Court, and invited him to dine at Thrale Hall. The two took coach and arrived early. It seems that Sir John Pringle had asked Boswell to ask Johnson what were the best English sermons for style. In the interval before dinner, accordingly, Boswell reeled off the names of several divines whose prose might or might not win commendation. 'Atterbury?' he suggested.

Johnson: Yes, Sir, one of the best.

Boswell: Tillotson?

Johnson: Why, not now. I should not advise anyone to imitate Tillotson's style; though I don't know; I should be cautious of censuring anything that has been applauded by so many suffrages. South is one of the best, if you except his peculiarities, and his violence, and sometimes coarseness of language. Seed has a very fine style; but he is not very theological. Jortin's sermons are very elegant. Sherlock's style, too, is very elegant, though he has not made it his principal study. And you may add Smalridge.

Boswell: I like Ogden's Sermons on Prayer very much, both for neatness of style and subtlety of reasoning.

Johnson: I should like to read all that Ogden has written.

Boswell: What I want to know is, what sermons afford the best specimen of English pulpit eloquence.

Johnson: We have no sermons addressed to the passions that are good for anything; if you mean that kind of eloquence.

A Clergyman (whose name I do not recollect): Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?

Johnson: They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may.

The suddenness of it! Bang! — and the rabbit that had popped from its burrow was no more.

I know not which is the more startling — the *début* of the unfortunate clergyman or the instantaneousness of his end. Why had n't Boswell told us there was a clergyman present? Well, we may be sure that so careful and delicate an artist had some good reason. And I suppose the clergyman was left to take us unawares because just so did he take the company. Had we been told he was there, we might have expected that sooner or later he would join in the conversation. He would have had a place in our minds. We may assume that in the minds of the company around Johnson he had no place. He sat forgotten, overlooked; so that his self-assertion startled everyone just as on Boswell's page it startles us. In Johnson's massive and magnetic presence only some very remark-

able man, such as Mr. Burke, was sharply distinguishable from the rest. Others might, if they had something in them, stand out faintly. This unfortunate clergyman may have had something in him, but I judge that he lacked the gift of seeming as if he had. This deficiency, however, does not account for the horrid fate that befell him. One of Johnson's strongest and most inveterate feelings was his veneration for the Cloth. To anyone in Holy Orders he habitually listened with a grave and charming deference. To-day, moreover, he was in excellent good humor. He was at the Thrales's, where he so loved to be; the day was fine; a fine dinner was in close prospect, and he had had what he always declared to be the sum of human felicity—a ride in a coach. Nor was there in the question put by the clergyman anything likely to enrage him. Dodd was one whom Johnson had befriended in adversity; and it had always been agreed that Dodd in his pulpit was very emotional. What drew the blasting flash must have been not the question itself, but the manner in which it was asked. And I think we can guess what that manner was.

Say the words aloud: 'Were not Dodd's sermons addressed to the passions?' They are words which, if you have any dramatic and histrionic sense, *cannot* be said except in a high, thin voice.

You may, from sheer perversity, utter them in a rich and sonorous baritone or bass. But if you do so, they sound utterly unnatural. To make them carry the conviction of human utterance, you have no choice; you must pipe them.

Remember, now, Johnson was very deaf. Even the people whom he knew well, the people to whose voices he was accustomed, had to address him very loudly. It is probable that this unre-

garded, young, shy clergyman, when at length he suddenly mustered courage to 'cut in,' let his high, thin voice soar *too* high, insomuch that it was a kind of scream. On no other hypothesis can we account for the ferocity with which Johnson turned and rended him. Johnson did n't, we may be sure, mean to be cruel. The old lion, startled, just struck out blindly. But the force of paw and claws was not the less lethal. We have endless testimony to the strength of Johnson's voice; and the very cadence of those words 'They were nothing, Sir, be they addressed to what they may,' convinces me that the old lion's jaws never gave forth a louder roar. Boswell does not record that there was any further conversation before the announcement of dinner. Perhaps the whole company had been temporarily deafened. But I am not bothering about *them*. My heart goes out to the poor dear clergyman exclusively.

I said a moment ago that he was young and shy; and I admit that I slipped those epithets in without having justified them to you by due process of induction. Your quick mind already will have supplied what I omitted. A man with a high, thin voice, and without power to impress anyone with a sense of his importance, a man so null in effect that even the retentive mind of Boswell did not retain his very name, would assuredly not be a self-confident man. Even if he were not naturally shy, social courage would soon have been sapped in him, and would in time have been destroyed, by experience. That he had not yet given himself up as a bad job, that he still had faint wild hopes, is proved by the fact that he did snatch the opportunity for asking that question. He must, accordingly, have been young. Was he the curate of the neighboring church? I think so. It

would account for his having been invited. I see him as he sits there listening to the great Doctor's pronouncement on Atterbury and those others. He sits on the edge of a chair in the background. He has colorless eyes, fixed earnestly, and a face almost as pale as the clerical bands beneath his somewhat receding chin. His forehead is high and narrow, his hair mouse-colored. His hands are clasped tight before him, the knuckles standing out sharply. This constriction does not mean that he is steeling himself to speak. He has no positive intention of speaking. Very much, nevertheless, is he wishing in the back of his mind that he *could* say something — something whereat the great Doctor would turn on him and say, after a pause for thought, 'Why yes, Sir. That is most justly observed' or 'Sir, this has never occurred to me. I thank you' — thereby fixing the observer forever high in the esteem of all. And now in a flash the chance presents itself. 'We have,' shouts Johnson, 'no sermons addressed to the passions, that are good for anything.' I see the curate's frame quiver with sudden impulse, and his mouth fly open, and — no, I can't bear it, I shut my eyes and ears. But audible, even so, is something shrill, followed by something thunderous.

Presently I reopen my eyes. The crimson has not yet faded from that young face yonder, and slowly down either cheek falls a glistening tear. Shades of Atterbury and Tillotson! Such weakness shames the Established Church. What would Jortin and Smalridge have said? — what Seed and South? And, by the way, who *were* they, these worthies? It is a solemn thought that so little is conveyed to us by names which to the palæo-Georgians conveyed so much. We discern a dim, composite picture of a big man in a big wig and a billowing black

gown, with a big congregation beneath him. But we are not anxious to hear what he is saying. We know it is all very elegant. We know it will be printed and be bound in finely-tooled full calf, and no palæo-Georgian gentleman's library will be complete without it. Literate people in those days were comparatively few; but, bating that, one may say that sermons were as much in request as novels are to-day. I wonder, will mankind continue to be capricious? It is a very solemn thought indeed that no more than a hundred and fifty years hence the novelists of our time, with all their moral and political and sociological outlook and influence, will perhaps shine as indistinctly as do those old preachers, with all their elegance, now. 'Yes, Sir,' some great pundit may be telling a disciple at this moment, 'Wells is one of the best. Galsworthy is one of the best, if you except his concern for delicacy of style. Mrs. Ward has a very firm grasp of problems, but is not very creational. Caine's books are very edifying. I should like to read all that Caine has written. Miss Correlli, too, is very edifying. And you may add Upton Sinclair.' 'What I want to know,' says the disciple, 'is, what English novels may be selected as specially enthralling.' The pundit answers: 'We have no novels addressed to the passions that are good for anything, if you mean that kind of enthrallment.' And here some poor wretch (whose name the disciple will not remember) inquires: 'Are not Mrs. Glyn's novels addressed to the passions?' and is in due form annihilated. Can it be that a time will come when readers of this passage in our pundit's life will take more interest in the poor nameless wretch than in all the bearers of those great names put together, being no more able or anxious to discriminate between, say, Mrs. Ward

and Mr. Sinclair than we are to set Ogden above Sherlock, or Sherlock above Ogden? It seems impossible. But we must remember that things are not always what they seem.

Every man illustrious in his day, however much he may be gratified by his fame, looks with an eager eye to posterity for a continuance of past favors, and would even live the remainder of his life in obscurity if by so doing he could insure that future generations would preserve a correct attitude toward him forever. This is very natural and human, but, like so many very natural and human things, very silly. Tillotson and the rest must not, after all, be pitied for our neglect of them. They either know nothing of it, or are above such terrene trifles. Let us keep our pity for the seething mass of divines who were *not* elegantly verbose, and had no fun or glory while they lasted. And let us keep a specially large portion for one whose lot was so much worse than merely undistin-

The Owl

guished. If that nameless curate had not been at the Thrales's that day, or, being there, had kept the silence that so well became him, his life would have been drab enough, in all conscience. But at any rate, an unpromising career would not have been nipped in the bud. And that is what in fact happened, I'm sure of it. A robust man might have rallied under the blow. Not so our friend. Those who knew him in infancy had not expected that he would be reared. Better for him had they been right. It is well to grow up and be ordained, but not if you are delicate and very sensitive, and happen to annoy the greatest, the most stentorian and roughest of contemporary personages. A Clergyman never held up his head or smiled again after the brief encounter recorded for us by Boswell. He sank into a rapid decline. Before the next blossoming of Thrale Hall's almond trees he was no more. I like to think that he died forgiving Dr. Johnson.

A SONG

BY ROBERT NICHOLS

THE hopeless rain, a sigh, a shadow
Falters and drifts again, again over the meadow,
It wanders lost, drifts hither, thither,
It blows, it goes, it knows not whither,

A profound grief, an unknown sorrow
Wanders always my strange life thoro',
I know not ever what brings it hither,
Nor whence it comes — nor goes it whither.

The Owl

RED TAPE, RAILROADS, AND GOVERNMENT MANAGEMENT

BY A. EMIL DAVIES

It is a strange fact that, although everywhere one hears complaints against the management of government or community-owned undertakings, yet in every country the number of what, for convenience' sake, we will term community-owned undertakings steadily increases. This tendency was perceptible before the war, but now the stream has become a torrent, and it is difficult to keep up with all the developments in this direction that are in progress throughout the world. The pressure of circumstances is driving even the most reluctant governments into nationalizing various services and industries, partly for revenue purposes, and partly as the only means of coping with labor unrest. Among the first economic measures taken by the new Czecho-Slovak state is the institution of a State Tobacco Monopoly.

In the United Kingdom it is apparent that nationalization of the coal-mining industry affords the only possible solution of the problem of unrest among the mine workers—not because the management will necessarily be improved, but because the miners themselves are convinced that neither they nor the public will secure a 'square deal' unless the industry in which they spend (and in many cases lose) their lives is absolutely freed from every incentive to profiteering, and is regarded as a national service.

A striking instance of this tendency toward nationalization was brought to my notice a few days ago when passing

down Whitehall, where a sign-writer was at work on a shop front, obliterating the words 'Canadian Northern Railways' and substituting for them the words 'Canadian National Railways.' Here was one of the last few private undertakings still occupying premises in this classic London thoroughfare—already almost wholly devoted to government offices—following the general course, and becoming in its turn a state undertaking. In this instance the causes are more financial than political; but the result is the same, that is, the conversion of a privately-owned enterprise into a community-owned service. All these developments lead to an enormous expansion in the number of state or municipal officials; in other words, they swell the ranks of bureaucracy. Even so convinced a Socialist as myself would not attempt to deny the odium which attaches to the word 'bureaucracy' throughout the entire world; but as the whole trend of things is evidently toward the multiplication of community-owned enterprises, which automatically involves an increase of officials, the time has now arrived when it may be worth while to investigate the causes of the widespread unpopularity of government management, to consider what the criticisms are, how far they are justified, and to what extent it is possible to remove the causes of discontent. It will be necessary to determine whether the things criticized are peculiar to the management of community-owned concerns, or whether

they are inherent in any class of undertakings as a whole, whether subject to private or public management.

In the present article it is proposed to consider the question solely from the point of view of undertakings which are owned and managed by the state, the municipality, or some public authority; in other words, from the point of view of a nationalized or municipal undertaking. This does not mean government *control*, which in one shape or another applies to nearly everything in the country; nor does it mean, as so many people appear to think, management by the War Office.

The chief complaints against government management are red tape (*paperasserie*), inelasticity, lack of enterprise, inefficiency, and uneconomical working. Red tape is not peculiar to community-owned undertakings; it is inherent in large concerns, and if we associate it so much with government undertakings, the reason is that government undertakings are invariably big concerns. The fact is that, with the growth of population and of civilization itself, public services and enterprises tend to become larger; magnitude in a business undertaking leads to the stereotyping or uniformity of terms, conditions, and materials, and tends to stamp out those little individual touches that are dear to many of us. In other words, the state of affairs that is comprehended under the descriptions of red tape, inelasticity, rigidity, or deadly uniformity, is the price we have to pay for the increased facilities that are placed at our disposal by great undertakings; and, generally speaking, these drawbacks are inseparable from all large enterprises, from the company-owned railway or tramway, as well as from the state-owned post office.

There is a more subtle explanation of red tape in government departments,

namely: that, whereas, a privately owned business concern exists primarily for the purpose of making profits for its partners or shareholders, and only secondarily for the purpose of performing a service or manufacturing goods for the community (which is proved by the fact that if it does not make sufficient profits out of one service it rapidly turns to another), the government department, being the organ of the community, has clearly defined as its function the provision of a certain service and is conducted on the assumption that it is its duty to hold the scales evenly as between one citizen and another. A large business house, for instance, will have a varying scale of discounts, and may offer, in respect of the same quantity and quality of goods, a discount of 12½ per cent to a customer in Plymouth, and 15 per cent to a customer in Manchester. If the Plymouth man discovers the differential terms and complains, he is regarded as a nuisance, but is either mollified by being placed upon the same terms as the Manchester man, or, if he becomes unduly troublesome, is, in the last resort, told more or less politely that he may take his business elsewhere. True, this means the loss of a customer, but, after all, time is money, and fresh customers can be gained. In the case of a government department; however, it is quite another matter, and if a man in Plymouth receives more favorable terms than one in Manchester in connection with the same affair, it is regarded as a very serious thing indeed; questions may be asked in Parliament, and public indignation poured upon the department or official concerned.

In some services vital to the whole community, such as railway transport, the government has found it necessary, where such services were privately owned, to exercise control, to see that

secret rebates and advantages are not conceded to one trader to the detriment of another. An instance of this is the control exercised over the railway companies by the Board of Trade. It is this dual control, however, which is wasteful and involves the duplication of officials, and it was pathetic to find a steel manufacturer contending at a Chamber of Commerce dinner the other day that the proposals to nationalize the coal mines of the United Kingdom would be harmful *because they tended toward duality of control*. The fact is that in the realm of those big public utilities or services which are still in the hands of private enterprise and have, perforce, to be subjected to interference at the hands of representatives of the community, we already suffer from duality of control, and it is gradually becoming apparent to the people that it may be cheaper, and certainly healthier, for the municipality to look after its own milk supply, for example, than to leave it in the hands of a number of conflicting interests and employ a large, but even then insufficient, body of inspectors to check adulteration, contamination, and short measure. What has to be destroyed is the *incentive* toward these evils; and that brings us to the question of enterprise.

It is usually alleged that once you abolish competition and place a service or trade in the hands of the state (and for the purposes of this article the 'state' henceforth will be held to cover any municipality or public authority), all enterprise is killed. Now, far be it from my mind to deny the advantages of healthy competition, but it is difficult to resist pointing out that most of these benefits are quite illusory in a world in which the majority of people suffer from insufficiency or bad quality of food, footwear, clothing, and housing, not to speak of adulterated bread,

milk, etc. Much of the enterprise arising out of competition represents sheer waste to the community. I remember noticing on the platform of Darlington station a few years ago a colored poster suggesting that persons who desired to travel to Portsmouth should make use of the London and Southwestern Railway Company's route for that purpose. A few yards distant, on the same platform, was displayed a still more brightly-colored poster depicting an attractive young lady encouraging the public, when wishing to travel to Portsmouth, to go by the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company's route. Now, what an appalling waste this 'duality of control' represented. In the first place, the proportion of people who saw these posters on Darlington platform and desired to go to Portsmouth would be very small—and what did it matter to anyone, except the respective shareholders, whether they went one way or another? Yet there were people designing these posters, printing them, making and keeping in repair the boards on which they were affixed; there were bill posters employed in pasting them up; all these people had to be kept and clothed, and yet, so far as the community is concerned, practically all their labor represented nothing but waste. I have seen in the slums of Croydon beautifully illustrated posters encouraging the inhabitants of the said slums to travel, on their periodical visits to the Riviera, by the South-eastern and Chatham Railway Company's route! Too much enterprise of this description, engendered by competition between rival groups of capitalists or shareholders, represents nothing but a burden on the community, and if, as a result of state ownership of the whole railway system of the United Kingdom, these rival posters disappear from the numerous railway

stations which they adorn, and the amount of labor thus set free is applied to real production, the community will be the gainer; if the worst fears of the pessimists were realized and the economies thus effected went merely to the upkeep of additional state employees, the community would, in the last resort, not be any worse off, and the addition of fresh officials would probably result in a reduction in the working hours of the whole service. Expressed in terms of income, it would simply mean that so much less spending power went to shareholders and so much more to officials!

It is probably true that *monopoly* tends to a reduction of enterprise, and in this respect the taking over of a service or industry by the state, which almost invariably means a monopoly, does conduce to some falling off in this direction. This holds good equally of private undertakings enjoying a monopoly, and whether one likes it or not, most great services and industries appear to be inevitably moving in the direction of being under the domination of four or five big concerns; be it meat-packing companies in America, or banks in the United Kingdom, it is difficult to prevent, by any outside control, some sort of working agreement, which may not even be put into writing, but does operate in the same manner as a trust. The two alternative forms of industry in the future are trusts and combines on one hand, and nationalization on the other; and each form has its own bureaucracy!

But, it may be said, there is a difference between the bureaucracy of a commercial undertaking like a trust and a government department. This involves some inquiry into what is meant by a commercial management as opposed to the administration of a community-owned undertaking. Some people would at once assert that a

commercial undertaking was usually successfully run, while a community-owned undertaking was almost invariably a failure. Such people, it will be found, have practically only one measure of efficiency, namely, profits. To them I would point out that, whereas the drainage system of London is worked by the principal London authority,—the London County Council,—is paid for out of the rates, and, therefore, shows no monetary profit (probably most people regard the expenditure as a necessary loss), the drainage of Rosario, the second largest town of the Argentine Republic, is carried out by a company called the Rosario Drainage Company, Ltd., which pays dividends on £120,000 of preference shares and £369,200 of ordinary shares. Measured by the simple standard referred to, the drains of Rosario are a commercial success; those of London are not! There is a different criterion—but that is another story!

If we adopt the standard of efficiency of service, we enter a difficult field, for to be just we must be careful to compare like with like; but taking the world as a whole, I will go so far as to say that, generally speaking, it will be found that where within one country's borders you have some undertakings operated by private enterprise, and some by the community, the balance in efficiency lies on the side of the latter, in the first place because the employees are almost invariably better paid and enjoy better conditions of service than those of the privately-owned undertakings, and, secondly, on account of the absence of the incentive to make quick profits, whether these be to the advantage of the community or not. But even from the narrower point of view: it is interesting to note that Sir Eric Geddes, ex-General Manager of the North-

eastern Railway Company, and Minister Designate of Transport, said in the House of Commons on March 17 last, '*Except in the one bright instance of the municipal tramways, the transportation systems of this country to-day are not prosperous.*'

Still, it will be urged, government undertakings are not marked by that degree of resiliency and spirit of accommodation that characterize most commercial concerns. It is true that if the post office were run on purely commercial lines, it would probably charge 6d. to convey a letter from London to Edinburgh, 1s. from London to Australia, and a halfpenny from one London suburb to another, as compared with the present flat rate of three halfpence. It would probably carry the millions of letters of the Prudential Assurance Company at a cheaper rate than the letters of a person posting only one a week; but, when all is said and done, the post office does, on the whole, render the community good service and, prior to the war, at any rate, it made an annual profit of about £5,000,000 and published each year a list of additional concessions or extended services, which is more than the railways did, with all their private enterprise. True, the telephone service is a constant source of criticism, but so it was under the ownership of the National Telephone Company, and now that the war is over, the service is gradually being improved.

Thus far, this article may appear nothing but a defense of officialdom and may, in the mind of some readers, have aroused a suspicion that the writer is determined not to see the evils of bureaucracy. The answer is that, after making full allowance for special circumstances, evils do exist; but, that, in the main, the complaints against the officials of community-owned undertakings constitute an in-

dictment, not of the officials as such, *but of a whole class — the governing class — which dominates not only government, and in a less degree municipal, enterprises, but all the big businesses of the country.* This class is, on the whole, incompetent and not even educated; when a successful business man, springing from it, goes to a government department, he, more often than not, turns out to be a failure. How is it that the man who in business may have risen to the top, proves, when he assumes office in a government department, to be just as inept as his brother at the War Office and his cousin at the Home Office? Because, directly the searchlight of publicity is thrown upon him, his weaknesses are revealed. It may be said that, even if this is true, there is this difference between a government department and a private business: that inefficiency which would ruin the latter and cause it to suspend operations, would not have the same result in a department having the resources of the whole nation behind it. Large and successful businesses, however, can and do stand a great deal more inefficiency and waste than people imagine. If the searchlight of publicity were concentrated upon private undertakings, as has recently been done upon the coal mines, many a well-known business would make a much worse showing than public enterprises which are the target of public criticism. The management of many community-owned undertakings — those of London, Glasgow, Manchester, and Liverpool, for instance — compare favorably in efficiency with the largest business concerns in the country, and that also in the matter of enterprise. I shall not readily forget my delight when, happening to pay a chance visit to the Liverpool Art Gallery, I heard Debussy's *Jardins sous la Pluie* exqui-

sitely performed in the said art gallery by a well-known French pianist, a combination of the arts which, thus far, has not been carried out by any private art gallery known to me.

Returning, however, to our comparison between the business that would be ruined by inefficiency and the government department. By the time the ordinary big business became bankrupt through the inefficiency of its principals, public criticism, in the case of a government or municipal department similarly mismanaged, would have become so great that the faults would have to be remedied. In this matter I agree with the writer of the leading article in the *Spectator* of March 29 last, who, under the heading of 'The Brighter Side of Nationalization,' pointed out that publicity is a very real safeguard against the dangers of bureaucracy. 'If there is one thing that officials fear,' wrote this usually severe critic of public enterprise, 'it is a public chorus of complaint echoed in the newspapers and in questions to ministers in Parliament.'

After sifting out the chaff from the wheat in the matter of the popular criticism of bureaucracy, there remains the fact that our Civil Service as at present constituted, is less enterprising and more hidebound than is desirable, and for this there is a fourfold explanation: (1) The higher grades are the preserve of a small class, the incompetent class, to which I have alluded, coming principally from the two older universities; (2) The class referred to has not yet realized the difference that has come over the functions of the government of today as compared with the government of yesterday, the difference between *gestion* and *administration*, the old tax-collecting and policeman state having now to manage undertakings which previously came under the head-

ing of trade; (3) This governing class does not wish to develop state enterprises that would compete with, and diminish the profits of, private undertakings owned or controlled by its own relatives and friends. We at present have the extraordinary but gratifying spectacle of the Postal Workers' trade unions agitating for the introduction of the postal check and increased post office banking facilities — a development naturally distasteful to the private banking interests; (4) The paralyzing effect of the Treasury, that stronghold of petty obscurantism, which holds back every attempt at progress on the part of any other government department.

The remedy for the evils of bureaucracy lies in weeding out the most glaring cases of incompetency; in emancipating the commercial undertakings of the government from Treasury control, and substituting therefor control by Parliament itself; in the education and training of a special class of civil servant, suitably equipped in a technical sense but, above all, with the right ideas; and in the participation of the workers themselves in every branch of the management. As Sir Henry Jones so wisely remarks in his *Principles of Citizenship*: 'If I were asked what is the best way of securing that democracy, the worker, shall deserve to be entrusted with the supreme care of his country's good, I would answer, "Give him as soon as possible the responsibility."' If we want people of the right type of mind, we must train them. Our newer universities, and the London School of Economics in particular, are already turning out officials of this description, and when labor comes into power, it will have no difficulty in finding at hand a sufficiently large number of men and women, adequately educated and equipped, to infuse its ideals into the

various state departments and services. Publicity is the one effective safeguard against the dangers of bureaucracy, and in a community in

which practically every adult person is an elector, the bureaucracy does, in the last resort, reflect the spirit of the community itself.

The Anglo-French Review

A DESTROYER AND A TYPHOON: A SAILOR'S LETTER

It was at 7 A.M. on Thursday, August 31, that the Exe and Dee, having completed their battle practice off Wei-hai-wei, proceeded in company bound for Shanghai. When we left, there was nothing more suspicious about the weather than the prospect of rain from the southeast. The aneroid stood at 30.20, while a light breeze came from the south-southwest. As the signal station gave no weather warning, we gayly set off at 15 knots expecting to reach Shanghai about five o'clock in the afternoon of the following day.

The dawn of September 1 broke without revealing anything worse about the weather than the prospect of a wet day, and the reflection that it would be an unsuitable day for partridge shooting or for yachting.

About 4 A.M. (September 1), the aneroid stood at 30.00, wind S.E., force 3. At 8 A.M. the aneroid had fallen a tenth since the previous reading; the wind had backed to east and had increased to 5. Toward the southeast, from which direction a considerable swell had set in, the sky presented an uncanny appearance and the weather looked decidedly threatening.

At half-past twelve the situation was as follows: By dead reckoning I should have been about eight miles from land right ahead, and the ques-

tion was, should I force on or not? Not having been at all certain of my deviation, my assumed longitude might have been fifteen minutes wrong. It was impossible now to see more than two or three miles. The aneroid had dropped to 29.60 and was still falling at an alarming rate. The wind and sea were rising from the eastward, and the appearance of the sky from the southeast was dreadfully ominous; in fact it seemed no longer possible to doubt the rapid approach of a typhoon. Supposing I hung on to my course, would the sighting of land be of much help? If I saw any strange land, was it reasonable to suppose that I would be able to detect its exact identity from the chart?

As my range of vision was getting less than a mile, you can imagine the alluring prospect of negotiating the pilotage of those rock-girt Saddle Islands in the hope of shelter. A sheltered anchorage for a 'swollen-head' * destroyer: memories of Argostoli! So you will hardly be surprised that I determined on (what then appeared to me) the lesser of the two evils. I decided to face the open sea, where I might more reasonably seek salvation by virtue of our high forecastle than by risking some unknown anchorage where our high bows and inadequate

* The 'River' class destroyers had been given this characteristic sobriquet as they were the first to have high forecastles.

ground tackle would cause us to drag on shore and thus result in our damnation.

The decision made, Lieutenant Domvile* and Mr. Scanlan, the gunner, busied themselves in securing all movable gear, and at 4 P.M. the former cheerily reported that 'preparations for the worst' had been made and that all was snug.

My consort had been lost sight of at 3 P.M., but at 6 P.M., when the rain happened to be less torrential, she reappeared about two cables on our beam, and I then managed to repeat her the signal, 'Rendezvous, in case of separation, etc., at Shanghai.' The mention of Shanghai, at that early stage of the game, was to my mind somewhat over-confident, but as the Signal Book only deals with *terrestrial* localities I had perforce to be optimistic as to the *locale* of our next merry meeting.

When 'darkness was upon the face of the deep,' the Dee was (not altogether to my grief, since it was painful to watch her struggles) again lost sight of. The extraordinary attitudes she had assumed and the contortions she went through were more interesting than reassuring. At times she would be poised on the boiling crest of a sea, her forepart high and dry (so to speak), leaving her keel visible from the bow to below the conning tower; the after-part, also naked, showing her propellers racing in the air. Then she would take a dive, an intervening wave would blot out this merry picture, and then, to one's relief as the wave passed by, a mast would appear waving on the other side until, thank God, one would catch sight of her funnels and then her hull still above water. It required little imagination to realize that the Exe was behaving in a similar manner. It was with great

difficulty that one could hold on to the bridge: my avoirdupois commenced to tell on my arms and legs; they began to get weary with the strain.

Domvile's cheerfulness had now received a check; his 'number one piece' awning bin had been washed into a cocked hat, and the majority of the awnings had disappeared over the side. These losses, however, could be officially replaced, but it was indeed a solemn matter when it also meant that the whole of his laboriously acquired deck cloths had been swept clean away forever without much chance of replacement. Months and months of scheming to make the Exe look nice, and then in a few brief moments to see the whole collection of niceties swept over the side. From 'the high and lofty bridge' I had watched the wave which had been guilty of this destruction. I thought the ship would have risen and passed over it, but the highly inquisitive crest of this sea came bounding inboard just before the after pair of funnels. The foremost portion of the awning bin surrendered in one act, and its contents accompanied the cascade in its exit over the stern. An engine-room and a boiler-room cowl had been unshipped, and were cruising about the upper deck trying to keep motion with the ship. The dinghy looked distinctly unhappy and crushed. Awnings were floating about, and the state of the upper deck generally presented a sorry sight.

Domvile, with Eldridge, the torpedo instructor, and a few other men, struggling with the help of life lines, were soon to work on salvage operations. Carruthers* then appeared on the scene of the disaster and ruefully inspected the gaping apertures (vacated by the cowls) leading down to the engine room and after stokehold. This

* First Lieutenant of the Exe.

* Engineer Lieutenant-Commander of the Exe.

seemed indeed serious, as it was obvious from Carruthers's report that water was finding its way through these openings more rapidly than could be pumped or ejected overboard. The battening-down flaps, you will remember, are, for some shoregoing reason, fitted in the *movable* part of the cowl, a device which obviously serves no useful purpose when the movable part is removed bodily by a sea. The fixed coaming, however, standing over two feet above the level of the deck, and surrounded by a flange (on which the cowls revolve), seemed to lend itself for battening down by lashing canvas across, but it required some searching in my denuded ship to discover a piece of canvas for the purpose; moreover, rope was scarce. However, the job was done at last and not too soon, as Carruthers had expressed anxiety regarding the choking of the pumps and ejectors. The stokehold plates had worked away from their frames, thus permitting ash and small coal to wash about and choke up the ejector orifices. It may, or may not, have been some humorous consolation to Carruthers to have borne in mind that the insecurity of the stokehold plates had been inserted in our latest Defect List, but had been blue-penciled as unnecessary by some dockyard pundit, whose business, apparently, it was to know better than sea officers.

From Carruthers I grasped that there was just cause for anxiety unless the ejectors could be cleared. As you know, the use of the ejectors involves an exorbitant amount of steam, alias water; I had the two unlit boilers to veer and haul on for water, but, taking into consideration (a) my remaining coal supply with its particular bunker disposition, (b) the absolute uncertainty as to how long or how far I should be forced to steam (at the most uneconomical consumption) away from

the land, and (c) the possibility of having to light up in my remaining boilers on account of the position of the coal (or for some more desperate reason), with these thoughts running through my mind, you may appreciate that I, the wretched Captain, was beginning to feel bored. But Carruthers was quite equal to the occasion. To clear the ejector orifices necessitated men working on the bulkhead side of the boilers, which, as you are aware, means an acrobatic descent down a small manhole door and working in a space which only permits one man at a time. Remember, too, that the boilers concerned were alight, and so imagine the excessive heat. Add to this the lurching of the ship, also that this watertight hatch had to be closed as soon as the man had descended, to prevent a surfeit of water getting below.

I do not know what Carruthers's feelings on the situation were, but I was very conscious of my own. I was impressed with the knowledge that, if the ejectors could not be made to function, it was only a matter of time before the fires would be flooded, and yet, whenever the noise of the natural elements would permit, I could hear those ejectors roaring out steam and not water. Now and then, as the craft rolled to leeward, the roar would cease, and I chuckled to myself at the idea of water coming out when, as a matter of fact, the outlet was merely under water and noise drowned. Not to labor this point too long, Carruthers, to my intense relief, eventually reported that the ejectors had been sufficiently cleared, and that the ingress of water was under command. I have since been told that an artificer cleared the ejector orifices.

In the early part of the first watch, I received an object lesson of what might happen if I did not keep my

nose pointed toward the enemy. It happened in this wise.

The compass light having become extinguished, the quartermaster had to steer as best he could by keeping the wind and drift full in his face, but since he apparently could not face the wind and spray (called 'flying spume' in novels), he had unconsciously turned his head away, and had thus allowed the craft to pay off about five points from the wind. The error was soon discovered by the ship being nearly thrown on her beam ends and a huge sea crashing along the upper deck. This immediately dissolved any doubts which may have lingered in my mind as to the wisdom of my policy of making the best use of my high bows. When I had got the craft's nose punching the elements again it was about 9 o'clock, and by this time I felt completely tired with life — such as it was. Feeling somewhat famished, and wishing to 'makee look see' the state of the ward room and mess decks, I toiled aft by short rushes. To an on-looker this would have proved a most ludicrous spectacle. My build does not lend itself to agility, and, on this occasion, besides being handicapped by an oilskin, I was stiff in every joint from holding on, also bruised and sore by collisions on the bridge, caused by my fairy form occasionally breaking away and taking charge until brought up all standing (or otherwise) by the lee-bridge rails. Thank goodness the bridge is too narrow to get much way on; and yet there are people who complain that it is too small.

It was indeed a most undignified proceeding to get aft. Hanging on to life lines more or less slack, crouching down to lower my centre of gravity with the lurch of the ship, dodging a sea behind the funnel, then swinging round a funnel guy that cut my hands, crawling along the deck like a dog,

bumping up against the sharp edges, of the tethered and unseated cowls, hugging the torpedo tubes for dear life until the ship got on an even keel, then a short rush to the nearest piece of fixed furniture — all this, exciting and troublesome as it was to me at the time, was far funnier in the abstract than in its concrete reality.

On descending to the half-deck it was evident that all was not well. On the deck there was just sufficient water flopping about to overflow the coamings of the cabins at the extreme end of the roll. A glance into my cabin satisfied me that my best frock coat had seen its best days. Some of the lower drawers had been jerked out and their contents littered on the floor where, in company with my boots, they swished from side to side.

Leaving this lugubrious sight, I turned my attention to the ward room, whence proceeded a hideous racket. It appeared that two ordinary chairs and the armchair were chasing one another from side to side of the mess, trying to conform with the movement of the ship. The armchair, owing to its width, was severely handicapped, inasmuch as it occasionally jammed between the centre-line stanchion and the bulkhead. The chairs, being lighter, and with a higher meta-centre, were more agile and frequently succeeded, when the ship gave an extra lurch, in jumping their heavier competitor. The settee cushions, aided by the water on the deck, also joined in the fun. To add to the enjoyment of the scene, I found that my stack of official papers formed part of the *débris* on the deck. On trying to save them, I discovered that the cruet-stand had broken loose and its condiments, together with the contents of a red-ink bottle and some pickles, had added considerable color to the effect. My Yost typewriter, which I had previ-

ously had tethered to the leg of the settee for safety, had evidently been biffed by the armchair when that piece of furniture had, in its mad career, evaded the stanchion and got home. As its wreck was obviously complete, I left it where it was and have since been offered three dollars for it by the Shanghai agents.

Tearing myself away from the fascination of this riotous circus, I then negotiated the pantry, where I found a huddled mass of Chinese 'boys' on the deck looking perfectly impassive as usual. On my stirring them to action, with a view to restoring better order among the ward-room furniture, my servant greeted me by saying, 'Makee plenty bad typhoon: bad joss.' I ordered him to produce me both food and drink, a demand he was very reluctant to obey. The Cheesai was sent down the manhole hatch of the storeroom to forage, but resented the water on the half-deck when, in its ebb and flow, it poured down his back. Eventually he produced a tin of Cambridge sausages, which he cleverly succeeded in opening and I with some agility in devouring. After managing to fill a soda-water bottle with whiskey and water, and pocketing it, I felt I had had quite enough of what is called our 'living space' in the 'Ship's Book,' and so commenced my return journey to the bridge.

As the pantomime to get there was similar to what I have already described, I will only relate one detail. In my voyage forward I had occasion to seek security by hanging on to the fore-and-aft awning ridge rope which stretches from the after funnel to the ensign staff stanchion. Feeling that the ship was about to take a header, and that it would be wise to anticipate a sea coming inboard, I hung to the ridge rope, letting my feet dangle. When she hit the succeeding sea the

ridge rope suddenly slackened to such an extent that my feet felt the deck and, for the moment, I thought the ridge rope had carried away, but to my astonishment, as I hung on, I felt it tauten out again like a bar. Thus it struck me how a destroyer can, thanks to the elasticity of modern steel, bend without breaking.

Midnight showed no promise of improvement as far as the elements were concerned. It was now blowing the most terrific gusts, and the craft was being subjected to the most alarming shocks. As the light increased, one could the better foresee the approaching seas as they topped before us. At times it seemed impossible that we could rise in time. The craft would take a header off the crest of one sea into the hollow of the succeeding one. As she dived one would look aghast and see, towering in front, a sheer cliff of water with an ugly boiling crest apparently about to engulf the ship. Instinctively one would hold on for dear life, maybe shut one's eyes and bow one's head, in anticipation of the inevitable deluge. Often, to my intense surprise, when I thought all must be up with us (and I was so fed up with the business that I fervently hoped then that the agony of it all would soon be short-circuited), she would rise to the occasion, but it was only to experience the same feeling again in a short time.

There were times when she got out of step: when, in taking her dive, she was naked (that is, not water-borne) up to the foremost funnel, and then woe betide one's innermost feelings if she took an acute belly-flopper. You know what I mean. I had experienced it to some extent in a thirty-knotter, but it was trivial to the shocks I felt the ship (and myself) sustain on these occasions. The water, hitting the naked form of the ship simultane-

ously throughout a large area, naturally struck her with immense force. The effect was to bring the craft up all-standing, and the blow would be followed by almost a human shivering, which was apt to make one think that the hull had not been able to withstand it. I need hardly tell you that we had been flopping ever since the typhoon had begun to make its force felt, in increasing ratio to the sea set up, and so I had become more case-hardened to it as nothing seriously resulted, but this particular morning-watch business was far more than was good for my nerves at times — 'fair give me the goose-skins,' as the housemaid said.

At 7 A.M. the aneroid had sunk to 28.05 and commenced to palpitate in a most extraordinary manner. The lowest reading was 27.87 (which corrected for temperature and height of the sea gave a minimum of 27.78). The rain almost ceased. Overhead it looked so bright as to imagine blue sky (the signalman declared he had seen it — but I cannot confirm his statement, I was more concerned in looking on the face of the waters); the wind had suddenly dropped to squalls with momentary lapses of calm. The sea presented a most remarkable sight; there was no consistency in its action. The cessation of rain and the brightness overhead permitted one to see for several miles. Only the crests were breaking, and they did not seem to care which way they fell; they just toppled over because they were too tall or too tired to remain standing up; the wind as a directive force had failed as an agent to keep them careering along. The ocean appeared a cauldron of steep cones, each acting independently of the other, the result being the utmost chaos; indeed, the sea had gone mad. Some of these pyramids would clash together on opposite courses and

the effect of impact would result in an angry water explosion. I was more than fearful I should encounter one of these columns of water, but Providence fortunately steered me clear.

A considerable number of fugitive land birds of various species (kingfishers, etc.), added interest to the scene, but (easy as it is to write calmly about it now) the prospect of what the lower half of the typhoon's semicircle had in store concerned my mind more than the marvels of nature afforded by its centre. Moreover, there was little time granted me to ruminate on these wonders, or for profound reflections, as the ship was wallowing like a pig, and I was asking myself, 'What next?' and 'How long, O Lord?' My mind and attention were both profoundly occupied. For the moment I could not help feeling cheery because 'all nature was [comparatively] smiling and gay' and every visible indication was promising, until contemplation brought me up all-standing to the fact that, after all, I had only got through one half of the typhoon; there still remained the other half to be negotiated. In football lingo 'half time' had been called.

By noon the wind had further veered to west by south, and it was a mighty comfort to note that the aneroid was well on its way up the next street, so to speak, as far as inches were concerned: it had reached 29.15, and this gave a rise of six and a half tenths in two hours. The force of the wind had also diminished to about 8. The rain was still torrential, but the sea was less confused. With the assistance of my First Lieutenant, I made efforts to conjecture the Exe's position on the chart, but the result hardly came under the conventional navigational expression of even an 'assumed position.' The chart was a sorry sight, as most of the paper was detached from its

cloth back and in a pulped condition, parts of it being washed away. Drawing on it a circle of thirty miles diameter, in the hope that it embraced me, I steered to the west-southwest, in which direction I hopefully reckoned to find land soonest.

At 2 P.M. the barometer was 29.32, with the wind west, blowing about 7. I then silently dared to congratulate the Exe that her 3/16-inch bottom plating was still intact, with that amount of steel still remaining between us, the devil, and the deep sea. My optimism, however, was short-lived, since the gunner came up and reported water spouting up into the fore mess deck from the 12-powder magazine. From an examination of the state of affairs, it was only too evident that both the 12- and 6-powder magazines were flooded. As it was found that, before and abaft these magazines, the compartments were comparatively dry, it was fairly obvious that the 3/16-inch bottom plating was no longer intact. Carruthers was soon to work, but, as you know, it was only possible to drain the magazines by allowing the water to pass through the slop room before it could reach the nearest ejector and be pumped out. This was permitted and, after about twenty minutes, the ejector, by belching steam, told the gratifying tale that it had done its work and the magazines were again dry. But after a quarter of an hour I was told that a perfect pandemonium appeared to be going on in the magazines. A personal diagnosis of the symptoms made it clear to me that this was caused by the ammunition boxes once more becoming afloat and violently colliding with one another, owing to the lurching and motion of the ship. As it was only waste of steam to again eject the water, I deemed it wisest to allow the magazines to refill and to remain so.

Meanwhile the vacant rivet-hole on the mess deck was plugged, and henceforth the riot in that infernal region was drowned. By 6 P.M. the aneroid was 29.75 and the wind, still westerly, rapidly decreasing in force below 6.

At 2 A.M. on Sunday (September 3), I thought I might possibly be inconveniently close to the Barren Islands. I, therefore, steamed slowly north and south until daylight, when, to my joy, I sighted some rocks to the southwest. Closing, I came to the conclusion they were the Barren Islands, both from their appearance and from the result of a chronometer sight taken by Domville. I then shaped course to pass the Saddles and to make the Gutsclaff Lighthouse off the southern entrance to the Yangtse. Shortly afterwards, and before sighting the Saddles, the color of the sea suddenly became like that of thick pea-soup (the yellow sea brew), and this induced me to stop and sound (my Thompson's sounding machine was damaged). The result being 25 fathoms, and sighting the Saddles almost simultaneously, I felt quite reassured of my position, as it was then plain that the yellow discolored water was the flood from the Yangtse, although we were over thirty miles off its mouth. So off we steamed with joy at our hearts, tempered, however, with fearful thoughts as to the safety of the Dee.

By this time the galley had been lighted, and never shall I be able to forget the delicious taste and refreshing feeling of the hot cup of cocoa I had on that occasion. During the height of the typhoon I had essayed to refresh my body with the contents of that soda-water bottle filled with whiskey and water which I had managed to bring on the bridge. I wonder now if I really ever drank any of it at all. I remember making a desperate effort to get some in my mouth while

clinging on to the pole of the gravity signal lamp, but what with the struggle to hold on and the deluge of spray, I was doubtful then, and am now, whether I was tasting water with whiskey or water with salt. I tried lying down on the bridge and training the bottle in a suitable direction, waiting for the roll to assist in gravitating some of it into my mouth. But it had been a ghastly failure, so I had deposited the bottle in the flashing-key box. My trusty yeoman of signals brought it triumphantly to me on arrival at Shanghai, and there I found it held but plain water, so, after all, I had been deceived by faith.

Having determined my exact geographical position and set the course in smooth water, I went with a full heart to my cabin. There I took off my sea-sodden clothes and (in that lipped saucepan, the so-called bath of a destroyer) I enjoyed a bath such as no sparrow ever did in a puddle. Getting into a boiled shirt with a necktie, and donning the only dry uniform left me, I sat down to my first meal (bar the sausages) for nearly forty-eight hours. How much I ate, and how much I enjoyed it, I cannot tell you. The only fly in the ointment of my satisfaction was the soreness of my sleepy salted eyes, my bruised, stiff, and exhausted body, and anxiety about the Dee. At 11 A.M. I arrived off the entrance to the Yangtse. Here, to my shame, I took a pilot. My excuse is that my large-scale chart of the river's entrance was destroyed and that I was dog-tired. Moreover, I possessed no pride at that particular time that was strong enough to prevent me from seizing some relaxation from the strain of the previous forty-eight hours. Except for sore eyes and general physical fatigue and mental weariness, life seemed remarkably sweet. The pilot had, to my intense relief, told me that

a destroyer similar in ugliness to the Exe had passed up the river two hours before me, so my cup of thankfulness was full, as it must have been my equally ugly twin sister the Dee.

On our way up the river to Woosung we went to prayers. The First Lieutenant read them forward abreast the mast, where I could hear from the bridge. I thought he performed that part of the church service (in the middle of the book, which applies to those who have recently been through perils on the high seas) with suitable feeling. I glanced over the bridge at my braves, and it was evident from the expression on their faces that they also thanked God for mercies received. Even those I had considered the most careless looked devout. Ah Kham, my Chinese servant, was also attending, and, sure enough, on his usually impassive face there seemed to lurk a strong suspicion, on this solemn occasion, that he was sympathetic to a certain amount of foreign-devil joss-pidgin. After prayers, efforts were made to 'tidy up' the upper deck. The dinghy had her outside bow smashed in, and its foremost davit was so bent that it declined to turn out. Three of the large cowls, unseated and battered out of shape, were, like savage dogs, chained up to the funnels. All the small copper cowls, which flank the after compass, were smashed flat and gave the appearance of crumpled brown paper. The pet awning bin was a complete wreck and its precious contents gone. The side rails on the starboard side amidships were flat, having, for some unaccountable reason, got bent outboard. The fancy wash-deck locker had ceased to exist as such. The jack-staff lay prone, but otherwise the fore-castle, thanks to the most extraordinary precautions taken by my estimable captain of the fore-castle, had suffered little damage ex-

cept where my five-hundredweight sinker had been browsing about at the end of its chain. My fourfold wireless aerial festooned from the topmast (which had bravely withstood the whip) in a tangled web. My wireless instruments were in a hopeless state (slightly out of adjustment, so to speak). The general havoc among clothes and mess-traps was woeful; and what the condition of the foremost magazines and storerooms could be in it was not possible to imagine.

The National Review

Owing to the weight of water in the magazines the Exe was disgracefully down by the head, bringing the top of her rudder above water. Truly we must have presented a pretty sight.

However, all perfect trips come to an end, and it was at 3 P.M. we passed the chow-water at the head of the English concession, and then sighted the Bonaventure. Soon after I was safely secured alongside the Dee at the P. & O. buoy.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

BY KATHARINE TYNAN

TIME was we heard the call of the road
 When we were young and gay,
 I and my Love from our own abode
 Out to the King's Highway.

We smelt the smell of the may in bloom
 And the miles of the scented hay
 When the greensward broke into flush and foam
 Out on the King's Highway.

We heard the sound of the feeding kine
 When dew ran silver and gray,
 The sweets of the night were better than wine
 Out on the King's Highway.

Now he has taken the road alone
 And I have no heart to stay:
 I would that I with my Love were gone
 Out on the King's Highway.

The King's Highway

ECONOMICS, TRADE, AND FINANCE

[EDITORIAL NOTE: No statement made in Parliament since the opening of the war has been more commented upon than Sir Auckland Geddes's review of the coal situation. Readers who have followed the campaign for the nationalizing of the British coal mines, will be interested in Sir Auckland's frank statement of the British position.]

WHAT THE RISE IN THE COST OF COAL WILL MEAN TO GREAT BRITAIN

SIR AUCKLAND GEDDES (President of the Board of Trade) said the subject they had to debate raised issues as grave as any that had been raised even during the period of the war. Last week the government announced that it was necessary to increase the price of coal by no less a sum than 6s. a ton. He knew of no ground whatever for the suggestion that this increase was based upon political considerations. (Cheers.) It was based upon nothing but a realization by the government of the very serious position by which the country was faced. We were faced by a serious reduction in the amount of coal which was available for use. The causes that had been assigned to the reduction of output were numerous, and the causes which were operative were certain. It was quite wrong to suggest, as had been suggested, that all these causes were to be found inside the coal industry itself. Among the most important of the causes external to the coal industry was the present transport position in the country. There was not the slightest doubt that output was being checked at many mines because wagons were not forthcoming as required, and that failure to get wagons to the pits was in some cases extraordinarily serious. There were many

reasons operating to strangle the flow from the collieries, and one of them was that the coal, after it had been loaded on the wagons, was longer in them than it used to be, because they could not be cleared at their destination. The reason for the difficulty of clearing and emptying the wagons arose as the result of the institution of the eight-hour day on the railways because there was less work being done, and new men who were being taken on were not yet trained or so expert. There was also a reason associated with the eight-hour day in factories:

Then there was the delay in getting wagons back because not so many hours were worked per day. Next he mentioned the enormous freights charged for coastwise services. They had got much higher wages; they had got in some cases less work being done. He rather laid stress on these points, because he wished to emphasize the one vital fact for the country that less work being done in one industry reacted through that industry on others, and they could not go on to anything like their pre-war state if the work of the country was not done. (Cheers.) The work of the country, for one reason or another, was not being done. There was a most pernicious doctrine being preached, that if a man did less work there would be more work for others. (Cheers.) If a man did less work it meant that there was less

work for others to do. (Cheers and Labor dissent.)

Mr. Seaton (Lab, St. Helens): Who has preached that doctrine? Tell us one. (Cries of 'Order.')

Sir A. Geddes: One fact was that less work was being done in the mining industry. It was right that the fact of the interdependence of industry was complicated by other factors. The drought of the early summer had lessened the amount of cartage available, because of the scarcity of fodder and the high prices of hay, so that the railway wagons were not cleared. Not only was the flow of the coal industry limited by the conditions of industry outside, but it was actually limited from outside causes in its production. It was affected by the lack of steel rails, machines, tubs, etc., which could not be obtained. As a result of the operations in the steel trade, it was not possible to get the supplies of manufactured steel that were required. In short, one might say that they could not take an old country like ours and suddenly change all the conditions under which its people lived and worked without causing widespread disturbances outside the industries themselves. Inside the coal industry, there were factors at work which could only tend to reduce output. The coal owners, as a result of the government adoption of the Sankey Commission report, had their profits fixed at 1s. 2d. per ton. It did not matter to them now how much coal costs rose although it mattered to them how many tons were raised. Wages were very high, and it was freely alleged that there were men who, after they had earned enough, did not go on to make more. (Hear, hear.) He alluded to the increase of absentees and the fall in the output. An unused passage for output still existed in the miners themselves. It had been suggested that there should

be a campaign to get more output, and that proved that an unused passage existed. They had there something that could not be put right by any one man, but which was a national question and a vital matter which had to be put right. (Hear, hear.)

Dealing with prices, he said one result of the reduction in output was an increase in prices. He would show how the money which was being paid for coal at the pitmouth was going up. In 1913 the average pit price of coal raised was 10s. 1½d.; the same figure to-day was 26s. 0½d.; per ton sold, 11s.; to-day, 29s. 3½d. The 10s. 1½d. was made up: Labor, 6s. 4d.; timber and stores, 1s.; other costs, 11d.; royalties, 5½d.; owners' profits, 1s. 5d. The corresponding figures to-day were: Labor, 19s. 5½d.; timber and stores, 3s. 2¼d.; other costs, 1s. 2½d.; royalties, 6¾d.; owners' profits, 1s. 2d.; compensation to owners for workings which would otherwise be abandoned, 3¼d.; another penny for administrative purposes, and required in connection with coal control, and also 1¼d., which was surplus per ton. After July 16 the following would be the state: Labor per ton, 21s. 10¾d.; timber and stores, 3s. 7d.; other costs, 1s. 4¼d.; royalties, 7½d.; owners' profit, 1s. 3½d. As the result of increase of wages and reduction of output labor costs had increased by 13s. 1½d. per ton raised, or 15s. per ton sold, out of a total increase of 15s. 11d. per ton raised, or 18s. 3d. per ton sold. The figures were taken from the evidence given to the Sankey Commission by the Coal Mines Department. They were sifted by the Commission, and the actual figures were those for the September quarter of last year. To those figures had been added the necessary amounts to cover such increases as those resulting from the application of the Sankey payments, and the

increased cost resulting from the return of men to the mines, who, although back, were not sharing to the same extent as those who were there before in output.

Proceeding to trace the cost of coal through from the coal seller to the consumer in London, he said that taking 29s. 3d. as the cost of the coal at the pitmouth, he found that that coal should be sold in London and was sold in London for 49s. 6d. £1 0s. 3d. marked the increase in the cost, and that was distributed as follows: Price, 29s. 3d.; railway rates, average, 6s. 4d.; wagon hire, 1s. 6d.; loaders' charges, 1s. 9d.; carmen's wages, 1s. 10d.; other cartage charges, 2s. 7d.; loss on smalls, 7d.; sacks and replacements, 5d.; railway siding rents, demurrage, etc., 1d.; salaries, establishment charges, and administrative costs, 3s. 6d.; profit between two or even three factors and the retailer, 1s. 8d. In 1913 the pit price was 13s.; the London price 27s.; railway rates were exactly the same, 6s. 4d.; wagon hire, 1s.; loaders' wages, 11½d.; carmen's wages, 10½d.; other cartage charges, 1s. 0¼d.; loss on smalls, 4d.; sacks, 1s. 1½d.; railway siding rates, etc., 1d.; salaries and establishment charges, 2s. 4½d.; profit, 10¾d. That profit excluded 1s. 2d. fixed profit allowed to the coal owner. He was satisfied that these figures were reliable. In the last group of figures, the price of delivery to the consumer, there was as yet no allowance for any increase in carriage resulting from the various increases in cost with which the railway was faced, one of which was the present increased price of coal. The present price of delivery of coal into London or any town or port in Great Britain was a subsidized price. These figures were actually the effective figures of what we in this country had to pay. Not only was delivery subsidized, but the

actual coal-getting was subsidized still, and would be, not by the state, but by the foreigner, because we were carrying into these figures still a subsidy derived from the export profits, and that subsidy was falling in amount day by day — (hear, hear) — very rapidly.

An Honorary Member: It will disappear altogether shortly.

Sir A. Geddes: I trust it won't. If it does the price of coal will be up another 1s. 4d. at once. One and fourpence was the subsidy they were counting on to keep the increase at 6s.

We had got at present to face a rise in the price of our pig-iron of anything from 15s. to 20s. a ton or perhaps more; of steel and finished iron from 25s. to 30s., and perhaps more; coke, about 10s.; spelter £2; gas, 6d. to 9d. per 1,000 feet; electric power, 1-5d. per unit; paper, 10s. per ton; glass, 5 to 10 per cent; textiles, about 4 per cent; bricks, about 5 per cent; machinery, about 12 per cent; chemicals generally, about 10 per cent, some of them varying to 20s., 30s., and 50s. a ton, so that the question of the increase of price of coal was a question of the most grave and serious nature for the whole nation. (Hear, hear.) Not only were we losing our subsidy from export coal, but we were going to lose our national earnings from exports. Listen to these figures: Rails in Great Britain before the rise in coal, £16 a ton, after the rise, £17 10s., and in the United States to-day £10 a ton; ship plates, £17 15s. before the rise, £19 the probable new price, the American price £14; crown bars, £21 a ton before the rise, £22 10s. the probable new price. American price £11 15s.; pig-iron, Cleveland No. 3 foundry before the rise £8, after the rise £9, No. 2 Pittsburg £6. Those figures, he thought, must make everyone realize how grave was the crisis, because we lived by our exports and

nothing else. Our export trade was gravely threatened by the position which had arisen. It was with no light heart, no thought of temporary political advantage — (hear, hear) — but because they were compelled, that the government decided to raise the price of coal.

They could only estimate what the output of coal would be for the next twelve months on actual experience. It was of no use to base it upon a pious hope, nor to pretend to see things different from what they actually were. (Hear, hear.) They had figures upon which to base an estimate. They could either take in this year a period of twenty weeks, one of twenty-six weeks, or a selected recent period of four weeks. No work on the part of the miners could get the output of coal we wanted, but they could go a long way toward it until all other things were put right. They were bound to look at the factors surrounding the coal industry in deciding the estimate to be made. If they put it on the basis of twenty weeks in the early part of the year they arrived at an estimate of 217,000,000-odd tons. If they took the first twenty-six weeks of the year they got a figure of 216,000,000 tons, and if they took a selected four weeks, with all the factors concentrated upon the output, they got an estimate of 214,000,000 tons. That involved one of the factors they got in the Sankey report, but they were reducing the actual hours by $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent and only counted a reduction of 10 per cent. They had the authority of the Coal Commission for that, but with these factors operating he was not sure that 10 per cent might not be rather optimistic. Taking the estimate of 217,000,000, there was shown a deficiency of 46,600,000 tons on the working of the coming year. Those figures were handed in to the Coal Commission, and

although they had been before the public for weeks there had been no serious criticism of them. He thought they were fair and right figures. They represented 4s. 3d. per ton on all coal raised. He admitted that all those concerned with the estimate must 'don a white sheet.'

The coal used in the collieries, the miners' coal, and the coal used for export and bunker amounted in all to 32,000,000 tons, and was not affected by the 6s. rise. According to their methods of calculation it was absolutely necessary to bring up the increased cost to 5s. $10\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton, and they had added $1\frac{1}{2}$ d. in order to get a slight margin. Taking the estimate of 216,000,000 tons, and knocking off 18,000,000 for use at the collieries and 6,000,000 for miners' cottages, there remained 192,000,000 tons for commercial disposal. The cost of raising that amount was £280,000,000. Domestic and industrial uses absorbed 157,000,000 tons. The present average pithead price was 22s. per ton, equal to £172,700,000. That left a balance of £107,350,000 to be attained from the sale of coal for export and bunkers. For this purpose there was only 35,000,000 tons available. At present the prices of export and bunker coals ranged from 15s. a ton for the poorer small broken coal to 90s. a ton. The average was 29s. last year, and at present the average was 39s. But, unfortunately, the diminished exportable quantity was having the effect that the average composition was deteriorating. According to the trade returns for June, 1917, we exported 535,000 tons of small coal and 2,000,000 tons of large, the ratio being 1 to 4. This year we exported 724,000 tons of small and only 1,500,000 tons of large, a ratio of 1 to 2. Therefore, the average price for export coal was falling. The government were estimating for a price of

35s. for export on the average. They might expect to receive £61,250,000 for export and bunker coal. When that was deducted from the £107,000,000 they were left with a deficit of £46,000,000. This had to be spread over 157,000,000 tons, and the deficit worked out at 5s. 10½d. per ton. Allowing a penny for control, it reached 5s. 11½d. Both these methods of calculation accordingly pointed to a 6s. increase.

American coal, f.o.b. Atlantic ports, was almost exactly 20s., and America was nearer some of the places to which we sent coal than we were. It was not only coal that had to be thought of. He read an extract from a letter from South America which stated that for a long period during the war the west coast of South America was left without coal supply, and oil was used, and that seemed now to be the permanent position. During the war American companies made oil contracts for three years with consumers on the west coast. They were now entering into contracts for one year at 70s. per ton, and oil at that price would be a most formidable competitor of coal. That, continued Sir Auckland, was part of the competition to be faced. We had also to face the fact that the Americans were offering long-term contracts, and if we were forced to do the same our profits must be further reduced, because the price would have to be lower. Thus, in making the estimate for a 6s. rise, the government did so knowing that they were taking a very considerable risk. In regard to a statement by the secretary of the Miners' Federation to the effect that the actual deficit was only 3s. 2.4d., the deficit had so far been met by the taxpayer or from borrowed money — (hear, hear) — and if we were to pay the whole of it the increase in the price of inland coal would have to be 9s. 2d. a ton. Another point which had been made was

that in the past there was an increase described as useless and unnecessary of 2s. 6d., and it was said as a result that the government made large profits. He explained that the 2s. 6d. was imposed in June, 1918. In the spring of 1918 it was estimated that the Coal Mines Agreement Act was being worked at a loss. The accounts up to March showed a deficit of £6,000,000 per annum. In order to make the agreement self-supporting, it was necessary to impose a charge of 2s. 6d. For the March quarter of 1918, the actual pithead price to inland consumers was 8.24d. per ton over the cost of production. That was before the 2s. 6d. was put on. But after that increase was put on the actual price at the pithead was only 1.86d. over the cost of production. In the September quarter the resulting profit was only 1s. 6.58d. over the cost of production. It had been said that the government were profiteering out of the people of the country. They were doing nothing of the sort. They were preventing international profiteering.

The actual cost of coal raised and the price paid for the coal was so close together that there was only a profit of 1s. 6½d. left to the coal owner as against the present 1s. 2d., and the profits made out of the 2s. 6d. were profits made from overseas. During the war we had to get large quantities of stores from neutral countries, for which very high prices were charged, and in effect those goods were obtained by bartering coal, and the only way in which the prices of those goods could be kept within reasonable limits was by charging a larger sum for coal. That was the source of the so-called profits which had to go against what the government were paying for those war stores. The possibility of these so-called profits no longer existed. We had not the coal to export; and it was

absolutely urgent that every section of the community should realize how grave the situation was. If we had no coal to send overseas our ships would have to go out in ballast and come back, if they were to come back, with iron ore or raw materials for this country. If we had few exports and coal was dear and iron and steel were dear, our exchanges must go more against us, and we must be placed in a position to pay more for our imports. This was no time for the government or any section of the community to think of its own interests as separate from the interests of the whole community. (Cheers.) If we were to get through the dark and anxious days that lay ahead of us we had to get back to the spirit we had during the war. The men to blame at the present time were those who were not doing their best to give production — output — and to get the cost of production down by increasing its volume. That at the moment was the most urgent thing in every department of our national life, and that was a point in which the actual workers in the mines could do more to help the country to get ahead, and whatever the difficulty to get the coal away from the mines. Let us see that the maximum of coal was got out of the mines.

He asked the leaders to go down to the miners and tell them that this was no time to do less than get the maximum, and he asked the leaders of other industries to say the same to their men. But because coal was the basis of our trade its dearness affected us more than the shortness or dearness of anything else, except bread. He asked every man interested in mining who must see and know that the miners were not working to the limit of their capacity —

An Honorary Member: Many of them have not the chance. (Cheers.)

Sir A. Geddes: And many who had the chance were not working to the limit of their chance, to see that the output rose. If they would work to the limit of their capacity he had very little fear that it would soon be possible to say that the output was rising so well that in a very short time we might run the risk of bringing down the price of coal. If the output went up the government would be only too ready and willing to meet it with a falling price of coal. They would be glad to get the price down by 6d. a ton and not wait until there was a big lump to take off in order to get exports free and industries cheap. But unless everybody would do all they could to get the coal out and the men in other industries would do all they could to get a free circulation of goods in the country we should have great difficulty. The key of the position, and it was the ultimate key, rested with the miners who were not working.

The Morning Post

THE ENGINEER AS A CITIZEN

THE enormous benefits accruing to civilization by progressive engineering are difficult of estimation. The history of modern industrial progress is the history of engineering development. Engineering invention in any of the leading countries is severely competed with by that of others. To each of the leading countries some definite engineering initiative is attributable. Each has contributed to the enormously accumulated data and to the widely-developed skill to which are due the modern products of engineering in all of its now well-recognized phases. The beneficial influence of engineering achievement is, moreover, not confined to merely national progress, though individual countries may at times richly reap the fruits of engineer-

ing success in virtue of local conditions to which recent advances may be more particularly applicable. Thus developments in scientific coal treatment will undoubtedly serve this country far better than an equal development in hydro-electric plant.

For the most part, however, progress in engineering is at once of international advantage. The opening of the Suez Canal, in 1869, and the completion of the Panama Canal, may be regarded as instances. Of similar importance in the opening up of means of intercommunication between nations, and the promotion of industry and good will, are the European tunnels, the cutting of each of which presented new problems which had to be faced, and which were, in turn, completely and most successfully solved by dint of accumulated experience and skill in methods of operation with new and improved weapons, and by the display of daring in the case of problems the true depth of which could not be accurately plumbed prior to the venture, and with the perseverance for which pioneers in engineering have ever been noted. These traits in the engineering character are marked in every aspect of the industry. The institution of canals, railroads, steamships; the cutting of tunnels; the conquest of the air; the development of the multitudinous appliances of a most complex nature, as employed in the mechanical and electrical industries; the development of the telegraph and telephone, and, in more recent years, the introduction and widely-increasing fields of utility of the multiplying branches of radio engineering, are examples of note. While the progress in the bending of invisible forces to the needs of more civilized communities has of late years been to the fore, the prospect of sooner or later embarking upon a work destined to be of such

international importance as the proposed Channel Tunnel still appeals to the engineering mind, and the initiative and resource which succeeded in the building of the great Assouan Dam across the Nile brought immediately in their wake results of an unprecedented character.

So great and so rapid have been the advances in engineering that there is just the danger of a lack of appreciation by the many not immediately concerned with applied science, who, nevertheless, revel in the luxuries of life which have only been made possible by the engineering advances to which brief reference has been made. There is, on the other hand, an equal danger that the engineer may become too absorbed in the technical problems with which he is confronted, to the exclusion of a real and practical interest in these problems of government more immediately connected with the application of technical discovery to the promotion of the best interests of the community. The problem of the engineer as a citizen has been engaging the attention of the profession of late. This awakening to a sense of civic responsibility is of itself a sign of the times, and arises almost certainly from war conditions. Prior to the war the engineer was mainly concerned with grappling with the problems which were admittedly his. Other problems — that, for instance, of government — he felt to be distinctly outside his domain. During the war the whole of the industry became organized to a common end. Coöperation became the invariable rule. Quiet and faithful service with the added coöperation and clear thinking, based on prior sound education, of the employer and highly trained men, constituted the response to the call of the country. In addition to mere production, the services of engineers were in

great demand for public positions of acknowledged responsibility in an organizing and administrative capacity. Those were best equipped for these positions, who in addition to engineering experience, had at their command those virtues which should be conspicuous in any successful engineer. These have recently been enumerated by an American engineer to include honesty, integrity, unselfishness, self-control, patience, courtesy, courage, and willingness to coöperate with others, and, lastly, 'the spirit willing to renounce all for the good of the nation.' In the nation's time of extremity men of the right type were to be found, and to their wonderful organization of the Allies' workshops and labor the success in the great campaign has been in no small measure due.

We are now passing to the industries of peace and reconstruction. To some extent these industries have been devastated, everything having for a time been given over to war production. With the reverse transformation it is fully recognized that war organization can and will play a large part, but with the important difference that, while under war conditions mass production combined with rapidity was all-important, in the industry of reconstruction a third factor of economy will assume paramount importance. The demands for men in increasing numbers with large administrative capacity will obtain for a long time. Big industrial developments are not the work of a day. Surely, if slowly, grossly inefficient methods, however traditional, must give place to modern economic processes. This organization, the value of which is even apparent in a small factory, becomes much more obvious on the national scale. Economy in national production is called for, and national development has come to be regarded as only possible

under some system of national control. Expression of this is found in the proposed national scheme of electric power generation, national research work on fuel conservation and other important technical problems, and in the demand for the nationalization of waterways, railways, and mines.

In all such schemes, however, national control is, of itself, no guaranty of success. Any such control, in order to insure the hoped-for gains, must be largely determined by those who are most qualified to represent industry and competent by experience to effect the most efficient organization. Technical matters of national moment may and will involve large problems of finance. They will, moreover, demand a knowledge of men, but they will, above all, demand a knowledge of the technique of the industry, and adequate representation of this phase of the industry must be secured on the controlling boards or committees. At the present time it may safely be said that there is a growing disposition on the part of engineers to continue in the spirit and practice of placing their services at the disposal of the state in order to insure an industrial supremacy no less marked than recent naval and military victories. National movements in industry must only be made under such competent and widely representative guidance.

Engineering training, too, must have in mind, from the first, these important issues. The engineering college curriculum based entirely on technical matters is from a higher point of view inadequate. Assimilated knowledge of mere facts and formulæ, all of which can be readily turned up when required, is not a mark of efficiency in education. The development of character in the would-be engineer is of

vital importance. A broadened outlook on engineering as related to national life must be imparted, and opportunities for this treatment are met at every turn, giving birth in the mind of the student to the conception that a definite niche in national industry awaits an occupant. Student organizations, which are, unfortunately, often outside curriculum, give some scope for the development of character. Breadth of vision is further realized by intercollegiate gatherings and discussions, such, for example, as those relating to technical developments and national welfare, and more effective education is obviously that which combines college and works training. A hopeful sign of the times is the long-overdue recognition by the authorities of the necessity for making the technical teaching profession sufficiently attractive to guarantee a supply of men fully qualified to contribute to the realization of the highest ideals of education.

Further, a general drawing together of the forces of engineering bodies and the closer coöperation of technical societies will give effect to the idea of a truly national council highly competent to advise the authorities on all matters of engineering development, and to command that a still larger share of the resources of the country shall be allocated to technical research. Toward the realization of this ideal much has yet to be done. The achievements of the past five years give rise to hope, and constitute some assurance that these efforts will continue, and that the engineering industry, which so admirably and successfully responded to the call of the country during the stress of war, will be eager to place acceptable service at the disposal of the government, upon whom will devolve the responsibility of carrying out engineering projects of both a national and an international character.

The Daily Telegraph

THE CAT

BY W. H. DAVIES

WITHIN that porch, across the way,
I see two naked eyes this night;
Two eyes that neither shut nor blink,
Searching my face with a green light.

But cats to me are strange, so strange —
I cannot sleep if one is near;
And though I'm sure I see those eyes,
I'm not so sure a body's there!

The Westminster Gazette

TALK OF EUROPE

AMERICAN films, which have played so large a share in the Americanizing of the world, will soon have a battle before them. From *Land and Water* [London] comes this paragraph.

'The attempts of the large American cinematograph film companies to obtain complete control of the industry in this country by building their own theatres to exhibit their films, in case our firms should not care for their conditions, have at length led to concerted action here. Last week a big meeting of those interested in the British film industry, at which Mr. A. E. Newbould, M.P., presided, unanimously decided to give support to any action which the British organization might take in the dispute, the proposal being that a boycott should be established of all the films of the American company in question, unless it should renounce its intention of building theatres here. Apparently, from the speeches made, the American cinematograph magnates share the fault with which Canning reproached the Dutch in his famous lines:

In matters of commerce the fault of the Dutch
Is in giving too little and asking too much.

'Whereas, we are told, we are exploited by them to their hearts', and pockets', content, British films are barred in America, in spite of the fact that we have produced many films equal to America's best. Apart from the merits of the dispute, we must confess that we think that the country would be none the worse for fewer American films. We have no love for the stereotyped puppets which they offer us as characters, the still, strong men who grab telephones as a starving man might clutch a ham bone, the wicked women who, originally known as "Vampires," have now become merely "Vamps," so that a lady is described as "America's Premier Vamp Actress." Worst of all are the English dukes in their tiny rooms crowded with "carved oak" furniture on which the varnish can almost be seen

drying, the English undergraduates in clothes which would provoke a riot in any English university town. We speak, perhaps, only for ourselves, but we could also cheerfully spare the microcephalic detective and his mutton-headed victims.'

THE strikes and disturbances in various towns and cities throughout Italy confirm the view lately put forward, that the causes of the political crisis are mainly economic. Shops — and not only provision shops, but those devoted to the sale of expensive clothing and 'dry goods' — have been wrecked and plundered, and the contents either distributed among the crowd at greatly reduced prices, or simply appropriated by the plunderers; markets in several towns have been looted, and a plot to this end in Rome was only foiled just in time. Self-appointed commissioners have toured the country in motor cars, 'requisitioning' produce from the peasantry, and even carrying off the poultry from suburban villas; and the natural result has been to spoil much good food, to cause the peasants to hide their supplies, and to make the scarcity worse. Thus, at Milan, a number of middle-class families, particularly in the suburbs, have been unable to get provisions, and the large class which in all Italian cities takes its meals at restaurants has had to go without them. The government has checked profiteering in necessities by offering to take over the shops and their stocks at a valuation, and has ordered a reduction of 50 per cent in nearly all retail prices, and the dealers have acquiesced so readily as to suggest that their recent profits have more than covered any prospective loss. The government has also distributed meat, oil, vegetables, boots, and clothing among the coöperative societies at prices enabling them to sell comparatively cheaply, and chilled meat is selling at 5*f*. 50*c*. per kilogramme. Fresh meat in 1913 cost about 1*f*. 60*c*. per kilogramme retail in most of the great towns; now

it is 6*f.* to 7*f.* The rise is attributed to the drought, but a leading Milan paper says, on expert authority, that chilled meat might be sold for 3*f.* 50*c.* to 4*f.* per kilogramme. Apparently, however, any great reduction in the prices of meat, cereals, and sugar must depend on the amount of tonnage available for imports. And, of course, Italy will suffer very heavily, both in production and transport, from the impending rise in the price of British coal. Some millions of tons are due from Germany as reparation under the Treaty of Peace, but it is not easy to see how it can begin to reach Italy in adequate quantities in time to mitigate the present need. But the Prime Minister's recent speech in the Chamber was boldly optimistic. He promised a reduction in the cost of living, a graduated tax on war profits, a luxury tax, the electrification of some 3,750 miles of railway (about a third of the total), development of the mercantile marine, and immediate electoral reform.

ON Peace Day, General Pershing was entertained at luncheon at the Mansion by the Lord Mayor. Mr. Winston Churchill made the following speech:

'We are all delighted to see General Pershing and his gallant Americans over here. We hope that they will carry away very pleasant memories of their all too brief visit to England. We were very much struck after the entry of the United States into the war with a characteristic in their method, of which some of us in this country were not aware. Many of us thought that the Americans, when they undertook anything, went at it with an extraordinary degree of verve, of haste, desirous at all costs of getting a task completed in a minimum of time. But when we saw the American mentality, exposed as the mentality of a great people can only be exposed, under the supreme trials of history, we saw that their conception of a national task of this scale was to make absolutely sure of every step taken and absolutely sure of the final result. And thus restraining every feeling of impatience, which their soldiers and nation felt, they began to lay broad, deep, and wide plans and organization of a victorious campaign, as it certainly would

have been, of 1919 or 1920. Great docks, mighty railways, enormous storehouses of every kind, were set on foot adequate to the scale of the armies they designed to employ, and certainly equal to any strain or any task.

'However, when March 21 came along, although they were carrying out their plans, their scientific plans, which alone gave an absolute certainty of victory for all, we saw that the passion of the American nation and the American Army broke loose from the scientific policy which they were logically following out, and we have heard read to-day, by the City Chamberlain, that fine contribution to eloquence in the English language, that fine, simple, manly statement which I venture to think will take its place beside the famous words which Abraham Lincoln used on the field of Gettysburg, the statement in which General Pershing offered the whole of his resources, his men, everything that the American Army could command, to Marshal Foch, to be thrown in anyhow, as the emergency might need, into the struggle of the great battle.

'The mighty strength which was thrown into the struggle terminated, in the mercy of God, last year, and it was inevitable that the struggle should terminate victoriously for freedom from the moment that the United States entered the war. Until then the fearful equipoise of the conflict gave no certainty that even if every effort was made a decisive victory would be attained.

'Almost everything in the world that can be said has been said about Anglo-American friendship. I defy anyone, however ingenious he may be, to think of phrases or sentiments happier than those which have been used, and used so often that they have become the cherished commonplaces of our daily life. "Hands across the seas." "Blood is thicker than water." These are texts from the Anglo-Saxon Bible which we all know as well as we know the most familiar and most revered sentiments.

'But here is the duty which lies with everyone of us, whatever station we may occupy, soldiers or sailors, politicians or diplomatists, general or privates, or workmen. During this war we have all rubbed

up against our opposite members in the United States. We have all come across some American or some few Americans with whom we have had intimate relations in the prosecution of a common struggle. Never let us allow those ties to be broken. It is for us a solemn responsibility that each of us in his own way should keep in individual touch and *liaison*, to use a military term, with those with whom we have been brought in contact, in the course of this immense struggle, and this great movement of world destiny, which we see carrying our peoples forward together, will be reinforced by our own individual efforts, and will be accelerated and brought nearer to its consummation.'

BRITISH press criticism of the proposal to try the ex-Kaiser in fulfillment of the terms of the Peace Treaty, and the speeches in condemnation of the plan made by public men in England, are freely quoted in the Dutch press, and the opposition there to any possible demand for his surrender is apparently stiffening. Thus the *Nieuwe Rotterdamsche Courant* (July 11), seizes on a remark of *Het Volk* (July 10), to the effect that, while of the opinion that the former Emperor will have to be given up, it must be frankly stated that the Entente treatment of Holland is offensive, and 'we only give in to it because we are the weaker of the two.' There can be no question of weakness or of strength on one side or the other. If the extradition of the ex-Kaiser has to be refused, either on the ground of existing international regulations with regard to the law of extradition, or on that of our own national legislation, or even on the ground that the procedure at London offers no guaranty for an impartial investigation of the case or for an honest trial of the fallen Emperor, there will be an end of the matter. It is absurd to be uneasy as to the consequences of such a refusal. Attempts at compulsion or reprisal are alike impossible. The London mob, which will have been done out of a sensational exhibition, will sulk for a few weeks; a few London papers will waste seas of ink in venting their spite against Holland, and eventually the whole thing will be forgotten. There is nothing to be afraid of: on the contrary, the num-

ber of those who refuse to be governed by hate and passion is daily growing, and when once more the world has settled down they will be grateful to the Dutch for upholding their standpoint and saving England the shame down through history of having subjected the grandson of Queen Victoria to a simulacrum of a tribunal and a travesty of a trial devised merely for the satisfaction of thoughtless pledges given for electioneering purposes.

The *Haagsche Post*, quoted by the *Gazette de Hollande* (July 14), laments the fact that the presence of the ex-Kaiser and the ex-Crown Prince in Holland has caused that country nothing but trouble and promises to cause her further embarrassment, and states that it would be a great relief if they could be got rid of 'in an honorable manner.' The writer proceeds to explain the meaning he attaches to these words. Were the Dutch Government either to extradite or to expel these refugees, they would have to be satisfied that the trial would be by an impartial court. Every accused, however deeply he may have transgressed either written or unwritten law, has an inalienable right to such a trial, the Kaiser and his son as much as anyone else. No allied and associated judges, however, will ever be able to pronounce a sentence that will be accepted as fair by all mankind and that will not, some day, be repudiated by history, no matter how honest they may be or how impartial they may endeavor to be. No one would object to the public prosecutor being supplied by Great Britain and the defense by Germany, but the judges must be chosen from among the neutrals and the trial must take place in a neutral country. It is to be regretted, however, that the Emperor and the Crown Prince have not the courage to leave of their own free will, as they would if they had a vestige of honor or of self-respect left. After ruining their own great nation, they prefer to let a small people with whom they have nothing to do pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them. A more ignominious fall has rarely been chronicled.

Finally, the *Gazette de Hollande* itself (July 14), whose proprietor and editor, Mr. O. Van Beresteijn, died suddenly a few days

earlier, supplies a vigorous article from a diametrically opposite point of view. Following a review of the situation at the time, the writer says: 'Such is the outcome of the war into which William II of Hohenzollern, with his bombastic *Nun wollen wir sie dreschen*, plunged us five years ago, supported by his eldest son's vulgar *Immer feste d'ruff*. These are two of the principal culprits, who by their stupidity, conceit, and ignorance of the world have left a mark upon history which they were only enabled to inflict by reason of the ridiculous tradition according them a right to reign instead of to work in a social position suited to their capacity. And, as if we had not long since had enough of these troublesome creatures, the world is still quarrelling about what to do with them. . . . What man with any greatness in his soul would remain skulking in his hiding place as William the Puny is now doing? . . . He told us a while ago that, rather than be exposed to the ignominy of a trial, he would die by his own hand. Bombast and rant! The ignominy of his flight and the ignominy of his concealment are far greater than the ignominy of a trial. . . . In any

case, the nations need never fear him any more. We now know his true character. Not only is he no Napoleon; he is not even a Stuart. Pshaw! Let Germany and England and everybody else forget him and his heir! Neither the one nor the other is worth the breath and the ink spent upon them.' The writer proceeds to argue that, while a trial is now unnecessary, an impartial inquiry into the origin and conduct of the war would be of value. By forcing the German Government to admit their country's guilt the Conference thought to produce an unquestionable proof for all time of Germany's responsibility for the war, but in this it overreached itself, as the very methods by which it was obtained invalidate it. In neutral countries and in Germany many who were previously convinced believers in Germany's guilt have been rendered skeptical by the over-anxiety displayed by the Entente. It might be well, therefore, to set up an unbiased court, with every facility for studying the necessary documents, with a view to a clear and complete report; this would do more to reconcile the nations than all the efforts of the Paris Conference.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE-BOOK

Harold Cox is a distinguished economist known for his long and consistent fight against the dogmas of Socialism. He is also the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*.

* * *

E. T. Raymond is the author of the successful book *Uncensored Celebrities*.

Max Beerbohm, novelist and caricaturist, will be remembered by readers of *THE LIVING AGE* as the author of *Savonrola*, the Shakespearian burlesque recently reprinted in these pages.

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A. Emil Davies, writer and lecturer on finance, is General Manager of the British, Foreign, and Colonial Corporation.

FINE EVENING

BY SYLVIA LYND

To-night the sky is like a rose
Above the little town,
A petal fallen from a rose
The chalk-pit on the down.

The ancient vane is gilt again,
And every roof is warm,
And brightly burns a window-pane
In some far distant farm.

The gentle hill, the gentle sky
Lie close as close-shut lips,
Softly and very secretly
Day toward darkness slips.

And every tree its arms puts out
To clasp the passing light,
And every bud puts up its mouth
To kiss the day good-night —

The elm trees all on tiptoe stand
Day's going to behold,
Like little children hand-in-hand
With hair of misty gold —

So slowly that she seems to stay,
So slowly does she pass!
But trace we may the steps of day
Translucent in the grass.

To-night her going is as kind
As if that she stood still,
And we, by climbing, noon should find,
Full noon, behind the hill,

The Nation

MIST MIRAGE

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

Summer days, the golden downs
Change as sunlight breaks or frowns;
Dreaming in the night, they lie
Naked to the cold moon's eye.

Winter's grass is starven white,
Stiffen'd by the sheep's close bite;
And the wrinkl'd darks declare
The faltering footfalls of the hare.

Dewy are the coombes and green
Where the rabbits bunch and preen:
Softfoot there you walk, and tread
On the vanished ocean's bed.

But when the soft wet southeast wind
Drives the mist that shrouds them
blind,
Then do the antic hills retake
The semblance of their pristine make.

Then they rise in cliff and wall,
Then you may hear the sea-birds call,
Hear far below waves break and crash,
And spending waters run awash;

Hear the shingles, when the wave
Sucks them backward, harshly rave:
Where you walked on loamy sward
The hungry sea is overlord.

The New Statesman

ROSA MYSTICA

O soul of many suns! Quintessent fire
Of all the mystic slow-expiring spheres
Where through my soul, for long gray-
shrouded years

Of barren questing, sought its far
desire!

Lure of the Syrian Song and Sapphic
lyre —

Mistress of all the passion-weary tears
Of the world's ebbing youth — that
thinks it hears

The rustle of Thy dusky-gemmed
attire

Like golden bells rung in the close of
day,

And fades in rapture — bid me too
draw nigh

With tears and song and laughter like
the rest

Naught asking save acceptance:
doubly blest,

If, when mine own sweet hour be come
to die,

I fall a little nearer Thee than they.

Athenæum